

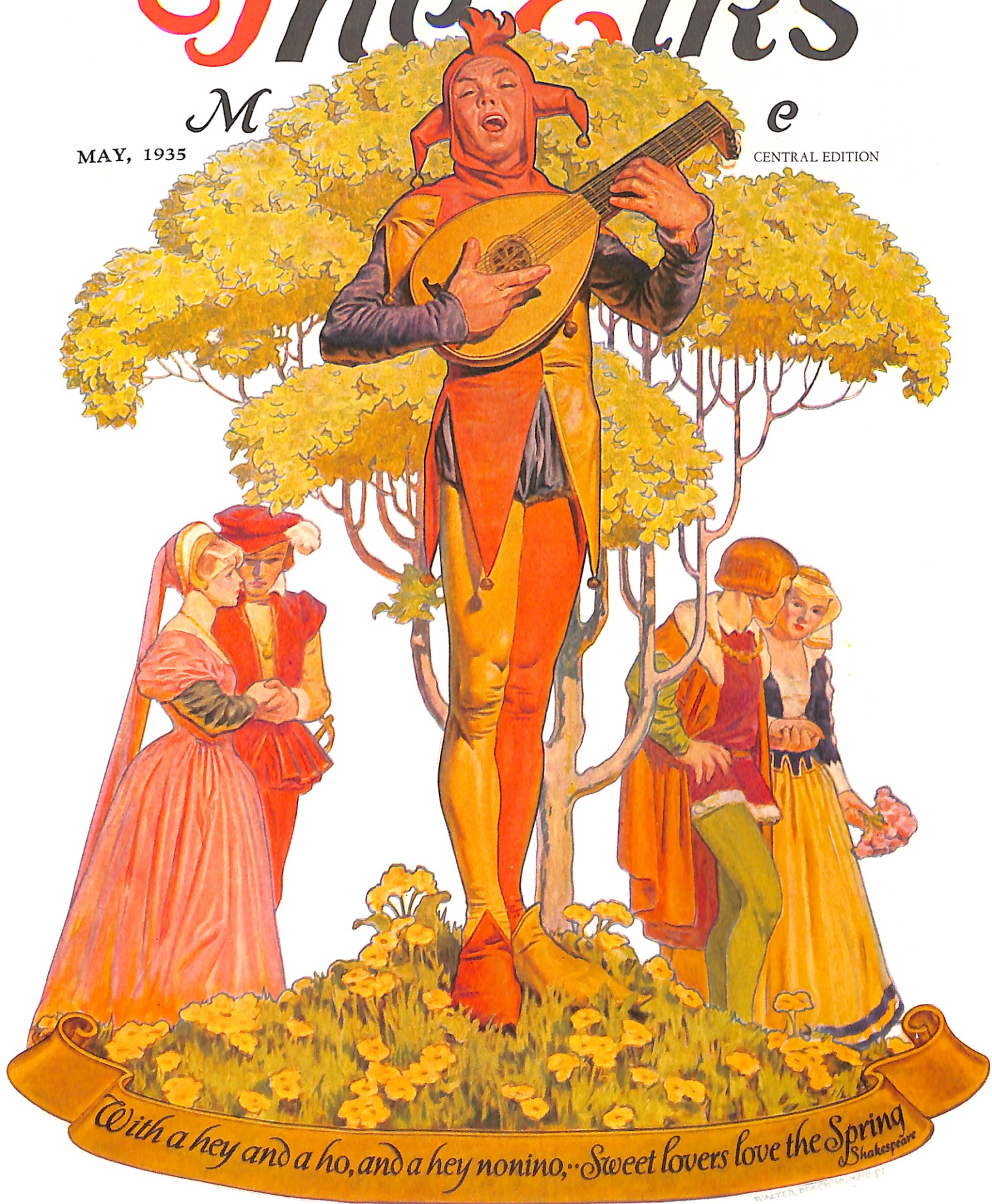
The Elks

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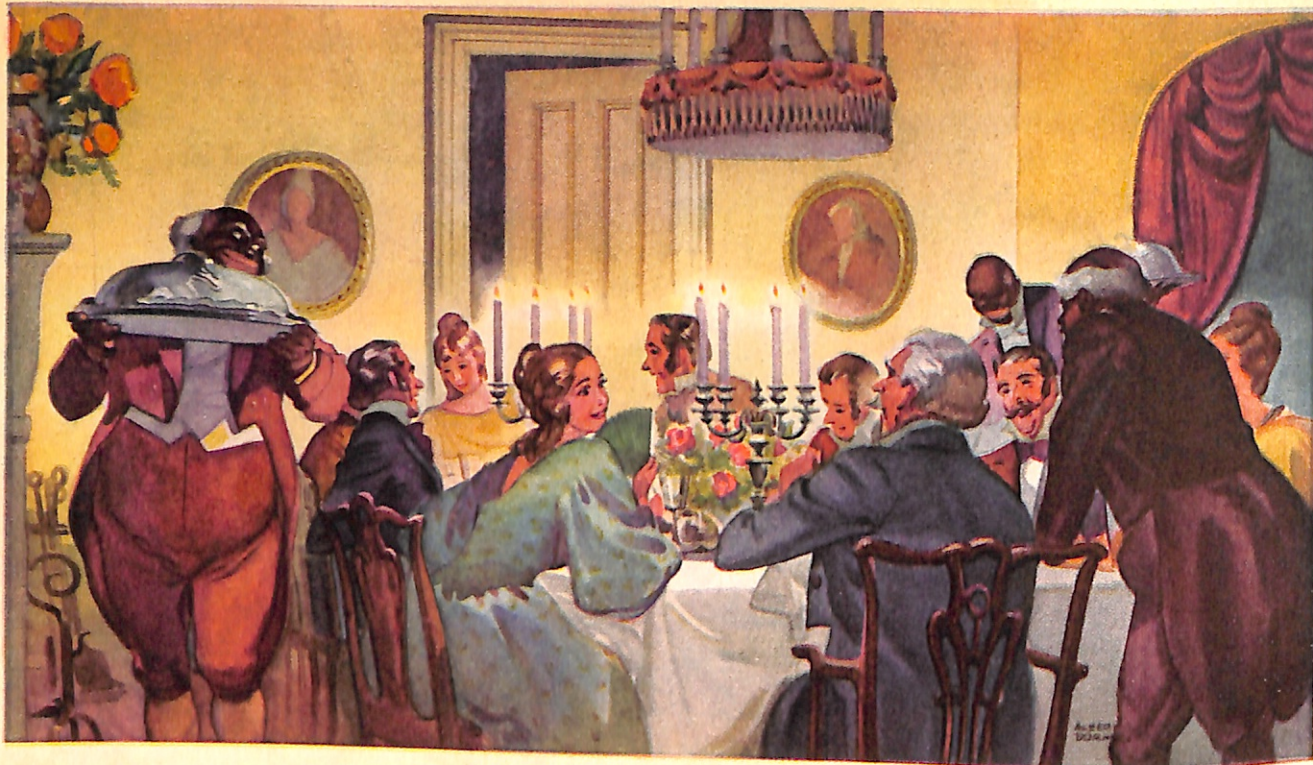
MAY, 1935

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CENTRAL EDITION



When International Diplomats Play Poker



The fame of its roast 'possum and fragrant juleps was known throughout the Blue Grass country



On clear moonlight nights, the guests of that fine old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel

often pricked up their ears as the deep baying of 'coon dogs floated in over the Kentucky hills. They knew what it meant, and smiled in happy anticipation—for when local hunters treed a 'possum, you could expect next day a meal famous all the way from Lookout Mountain to Louisville.

But there was more than good old-fashioned Southern cooking to draw gentlefolk to that famous hostelry down in Kentucky, and to the more than locally famous waters of the near-by limestone spring.

One thing upon which every Southern gentleman of the day prided himself was his judgment of bourbon. So

the local hotel sought far and wide for something to please the critical palates of its guests, and found a whiskey, made up Louisville way, that came to be called Crab Orchard.

In those early days, that rich red bourbon didn't even have a label. It wasn't put up in bottles. They bought it by the barrel—and you

were lucky indeed if they let you, as a special favor, carry a jug or two away.

And thus, the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel spread its reputation for the exquisite food and mellow whiskey to be found there.

But more than sixty years rolled by before the whiskey labeled and bottled with the name Crab Orchard suddenly burst into nationwide fame.

Prohibition had come and gone. People were searching for something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—and they wanted a low price. Crab Orchard filled all three wants so accurately that it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay

A good guide to good whiskey

Crab Orchard

LIKE A BOMBSHELL

THIS BOOK IS AWAKENING
THINKING AMERICANS
TO A PLAN OF ACTION!

**MONEY
CREATORS**

AMERICANS!—
DO YOU FAVOR
U.S. HONEST MONEY
OR CONTINUED
PAYMENT OF
BILLIONS YEARLY

Now You Can Act... TO PROTECT YOUR SAVINGS.. PROPERTY..JOB..BUSINESS..



Hon. Robert L. Owen, former Chairman, Banking and Currency Committee, United States Senate, says: "This book is worthy of careful study . . . it conveys to the American people, truths of the very first magnitude."

**AGAINST INFLATION . . . PRINTING PRESS
MONEY . . . FASCISM . . . COMMUNISM
BILLION DOLLAR DEBTS . . . CONFISCATION**

We all know the time has come to *act*. But until now there has been no plan of action the average man can use . . . the business man, the man with a job, the property owner, the bank depositor, the farmer, the parent . . . every thinking citizen who realizes that the endless piling up of tax burdens will eventually destroy his properties, his rights, and his children's future. But now at last, the knowledge we need for self-preservation is available, in a new book—"Money Creators."

"**MONEY CREATORS**" answers the questions that have been in the minds of millions. . . . "What really caused the tremendous shrinkage in the value of securities, real estate, land?" . . . "Why must millions be destitute in a land of overproduction?" . . . "What became of the money which everyone had in 1929?" . . . "Why has there been a 'conspiracy' of silence and 'mystery' regarding the operation of our money system?" . . . "What did President Roosevelt really mean when he talked about 'driving money-changers out of the temple'?" . . . "Is the country actually being driven toward destructive inflation by a minority group for their own selfish advantages?" . . . "Will America fall into the hands of a tyrannical dictatorship just as every other country has done after its currency has been debased?" . . . "Just what will happen to you as an individual when or if this occurs in your America?"

You do not want to see the value of your savings or your life insurance wiped out. You do not want to see the confiscation of your property through excessive taxation. You do not want to see the country overrun by the frenzied followers of politically ambitious demagogues. You may have felt helpless in the face of such eventualities before—but you will not feel this way after reading "Money Creators."

Secret False Money Practices Exposed!

"Money Creators" was written by a woman—prominent for many years in Chicago banking circles. This keen woman analyst has had the courage to tell the full truth about banking and money, and she has told it so clearly, in such an utterly plain and simple manner that there is no longer any excuse for anyone to say he does not understand money, or what is happening to us.

Gertrude M. Coogan has had many years of experience in all forms of banking and investments. She spent 8 years collecting and arranging material which was secured from all over the world for this book. The reading of over the story as she has presented it is more interesting than the most fascinating fiction. She has had the courage to tell the full truth—the astounding facts that are never found in school text-books. What she says about a "return to constitutional money" will amaze you.

What will this book be worth to you? It is difficult to estimate . . . perhaps a \$1,000, perhaps many thousands of dollars. The understanding gained may result in insuring your future welfare—the security of your children and your family. Its value may transcend anything that can be designated in dollars.

Because a group of prominent business men have read this book, and know how you will feel about it . . . "Money Creators" will be sent to you with the definite understanding that the purchase price of \$2.00 will be refunded if you are dissatisfied with it and return book in five days. No time is to be lost—mail the coupon immediately.

Honest Money Founders, Inc., Desk E-10
612 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Miss Gertrude M. Coogan, author of "Money Creators" for many years prominently connected with one of Chicago's largest banks and an acknowledged authority on national and international money matters.

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- 2—Are Depressions "Natural" or "Artificial"?
- 3—Who Fixes the Price of Cotton, Wheat and Other Basic American Commodities?
- 4—When a Nation's Money Is Destroyed, What Happens to Government?
- 5—Do Banks Lend real Money?
- 6—What Is the real "Rubber" Dollar?
- 7—How Did Wealth Become "Concentrated"?
- 8—How Can Incomes Be Restored?
- 9—Do You Pay Interest on all Money? Should You?

Honest Money Founders, Inc., Desk E-10
612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me Miss Coogan's book, "Money Creators."

- ☐ Enclosed find \$2.00—Postal charges to be paid by you.
☐ Send book C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.00 plus postal charge.

It is understood that unless completely satisfied I may return the book within 5 days, and purchase price will be refunded.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Charles Spencer Hart
Business Manager

JOSEPH T. FANNING
Editor and Executive Director

James S. Warren
Managing Editor

MAY, 1935

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Cover Design by
Walter Beach Humphrey

This Month

YOUR reading fare in this month's number is widely diversified both insofar as subject matter and locale are concerned. The topics of the featured stories and articles are: international diplomacy and poker; early American history and the making of rubber; the West of the pioneers and real estate promotion, and the adventures of a business man whose specialty is searching for oil, precious stones and gold. The localities involved are London, the New England States, the Far West and the wilds of Brazil and British Guiana.

Next Month

ANOTHER stirring historical romance by that prince of story tellers, Rafael Sabatini— Myron M. Stearns has written a thought-provoking article, "Luxuries Ahead," in which he forecasts the effects that the many amazing new inventions now being perfected will have on the lives of all of us— In "Suppressed Desires," by Lyman Anson, you will meet a lovable character cast in the part of a fighting Irishman whose heart is stronger than his head— For golfers and would-be golfers, Joel P. Glass has interviewed Lawson Little, Ky Laffoon and Olin Dutra— And don't overlook the timely news of Elkdom, including announcements regarding the forthcoming Grand Lodge Convention.



News of Elkdom

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Walter P. Andrews

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON Saturday, March 16, 1935, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter Pemberton Andrews died in Daytona Beach, Fla., where he had been living for the past two years. Mr. Andrews was stricken ill in 1930. In the interest of his health he retired from active business, giving up his many responsibilities in Atlanta, Ga., to move to Florida.

Born in Mount Gilead, N. C., on June 7, 1865, Mr. Andrews was raised during Reconstruction days. He was the son of the late Lorenzo D. and Martha Pemberton Andrews, of North Carolina. Mr. Andrews graduated from Trinity College, now Duke University. After taking his law degree at Washington and Lee University, he began the practice of law in Atlanta in 1891. In 1915 he was elected Representative to serve in the Lower House of the General Assembly, and two years later was elected to the State Senate where he served his home district for two terms.

He was one of the leaders of President Woodrow Wilson's memorable campaign of 1912, and rendered many other notable services to the Democratic party. In 1913 he was appointed by President Wilson as Commissioner-General to the Mediterranean and Balkan States in the interest of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. He served in many State, civic and fraternal capacities.

Mr. Andrews became an Elk when he joined Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, in 1904. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1910 and served two terms in that office. In 1911 he was appointed District Deputy for Georgia North, and the following year was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In 1914 he served the Order as

a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution.

He revived and reorganized the Georgia State Elks Association and held office as its President. Mr. Andrews was appointed a Justice of the Grand Forum in 1924, and was later Chief Justice of that body. On November 8, 1928, Atlanta Lodge voted unanimously to present Mr. Andrews as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. At the Convention held in Los Angeles the ensuing summer he was elected to that office.

Funeral services were held at the First Methodist Church in Atlanta on March 18, with Atlanta Lodge conducting the rites. Among the great throng of friends and associates who attended the services was Robert S. Barrett, special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, who delivered the eulogy. Judge John S. McClelland, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; R. E. Lee Reynolds, Secretary-Treasurer of the Georgia State Elks Association; and Colonel Sidney Morey, personal representative of the Hon. David Sholtz, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Governor of Florida, were also among those present.

Mr. Andrews is survived by his wife, the former Miss Leontine Chisholm. She is a member of a prominent pioneer family of Atlanta. Also surviving are four sisters, Mrs. J. E. Ashcraft of Fayetteville, N. C., Mrs. Mary Marshal Barrier of Knoxville, Tenn., Mrs. Elizabeth Covington and Mrs. Ernest Heath, both of Monroe, N. C., and a brother, William H. Andrews, of Miami, Fla. To them and to his innumerable friends, THE ELKS MAGAZINE conveys the deep and sincere sympathy of the entire Order.



Ray Lee Jackson

Cast and Broadcast



Richard Bonelli, top left, famous for some time as a leading American baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the latest opera star to go radio. He is shown beside a picture of himself as Escamillo, the Toreador in "Carmen." Mr. Bonelli is featured with Andre Kostalanetz over a Columbia-WABC network Sunday evenings

Miss Bernice Claire, top right, is a blonde and enchanting damsel who used to decorate the talking cinema. At present she is doing a nice bit of singing with Frank Munn, tenor, for NBC's weekly American Musical Revue—a program that makes itself evident over W E A F each Sunday at 9:30 P.M.

Ray Lee Jackson



Joe Cook, left center, is a smiling gent who seeks to amuse. He has for years and years been one of the New York stage's most laughed-at comedians. Recently he blossomed out with a weekly radio program broadcast over NBC airwaves. One hears him being funny over WJZ on Friday evenings at 10 P.M.

Paul Whiteman appears to be going off on a highbrow tangent lately, featuring the soprano voice of Miss Helen Jepson (at the lower left), in popular arias. Miss Jepson, who is young and beautiful and American, and who can sing like a house afire, is one of the Metropolitan Opera Company's latest and most decorative acquisitions

International
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Photo Co.

by Phillips Coles

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1934-1935

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

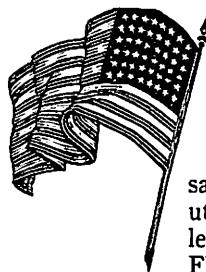
THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting, and forwarded to the

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9. Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.

JUNE 14, 1935, calls to every Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks for a proud, public confession of faith, that shall give strength to the weak, courage to the disheartened, and defiance to the disloyal.

Today, marching shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the Order, are twenty-two Past Grand Exalted Rulers who have been the leaders through years of peace and plenty, years of war and depression, but whose constant and unwavering faith is and always has been that—



*"By the Dawn's Early Light,
The Proud Stripes and Bright Stars,
Would Be Gallantly Streaming."*

Their words of historical reminder, sage counsel, and fervent patriotism, uttered in their respective years of leadership, may well be re-echoed on Flag Day, 1935.

Michael Shannon
Grand Exalted Ruler

The Flag of the Elks

As Told by Direct Quotations from the Living Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Taken for the Most Part from Addresses Delivered during Their Respective Terms of Office:

JOSEPH T. FANNING—1903-04

"To Elks the national emblem is the major pattern in the design of their Order. To its glorification they have dedicated themselves by oath and ritual. Upon the Altar of every Lodge of the Order it is draped. Their eager observance of Flag Day began more than ten years before June 14th was officially proclaimed."

JOHN K. TENER—1907-08

"In almost all Lodges something was done to show to the world in a pleasing and impressive form the sacred position held by Old Glory in our fellowship."

RUSH L. HOLLAND—1908-09

"A patriotic impulse which demanded the establishment of a date for the 'rehearing of the history of our Country and the Order, a day of apotheosis of our banner,' has grown in fervor until now on the 14th day of June each year our Order will be found in one grand assembly rendering its part in the public expression of patriotic devotion."

JOHN P. SULLIVAN—1911-12

"North, east, south and west—wherever the Elks gather about their Altar, whose first symbol is the Flag of the United States of America—there have the brothers of the subordinate Lodges of our Order been swift to do the duty that lay nearest them. . . . No finer tribute to the memory of the founder of the Nation whose Flag is first upon the Altars of our Order could possibly be made by Elks than an outstanding bit of social and community welfare service."

RAYMOND BENJAMIN—1914-15

" . . . The anniversary of the birth of the American Flag. If properly conducted, no event can produce a finer or more

lasting impression upon the membership and community. The service should be public, beautiful, significant, and patriotic. Its purpose cannot fail to increase devotion to our Nation and its splendid history, and in this time of stress every loyal citizen should lend every effort toward reviewing and renewing that love of Country which is too often dormant in the heart of man."

JAMES R. NICHOLSON—1915-16

" . . . We may properly refer to the part which this Order of ours has played in developing a patriotism in this Country and in developing proper respect and reverence for that Flag, and a proper appreciation of duties and responsibilities as well as the rights and privileges of American citizenship. . . . I believe that the annual Flag Day observance conducted by the Order is one of the strongest and most helpful in developing real Americanism in our people."

EDWARD RIGHTOR—1916-17

"Burn brighter still that patriotism and fraternal feeling that is ever our Order's chief aim, to help keep highly alive in all the heart of all the American people. . . . The spirit of patriotism is more universal in this Country today than it has been for more than a century."

FRED HARPER—1917-18

"Thank God that, in all these wars, it was so valiantly borne that it is still the unconquered banner. Thank God that, in all its history, it has been so gallantly sustained that it is still the untarnished emblem of a great free people. And God grant that our national spirit and ideals may be so preserved that all succeeding generations may continue to hail it as the unconquerable Flag, an ever unsullied Flag, to which our children and our children's children may gladly and proudly consecrate their fortunes and their lives."



BRUCE A. CAMPBELL—1918-19

"As we teach Americanism, let us drive from our midst every element opposed to it and every person who does not give undivided allegiance to our Country, its institutions, and its Flag, and who is not willing to subordinate everything to the one idea of free and democratic government and leave America for those who believe in but one Flag, and that the glorious Stars and Stripes."

FRANK L. RAIN—1919-20

"We propose to see that our Country and its Flag shall be respected.

'Old Glory! the Red, White, and Blue;
The Star-Spangled Banner!
Your Flag, our Flag, my Flag——'"

WILLIAM M. ABBOTT—1920-21

"That Flag, my friends, is calling, calling to you and to me, this night, as strongly and clearly as it ever called in a period of war; calling upon us to stand four-square upon this proposition (against Communism), and I am proud tonight that my request of a year ago that that Flag be kept flying from the flag staff of every Elks Club House in America has been complied with."

WILLIAM W. MOUNTAIN—1921-22

"There is nothing to fear if we will keep the obligation that each one of us has taken before the Flag of our Country."

J. EDGAR MASTERS—1922-23

"... Our Order ... has stood always for Americanism and Americanization. ... During the World War all Elks in the spirit of loyalty and cooperation gave themselves up to serve our Nation in the trying days. ... The world needs a clear conception of the principles that should obtain between man and man—charity, justice, and brotherly love. ... A million Elks teaching and living these principles means a transformation in the life of America."

JAMES G. MCFARLAND—1923-24

"Each man has his part to play in the great drama of life. Each citizen must give of his strength and substance in support of right and of our Flag.

'When he can see his Flag—the Stars and Stripes—
And love it as he should;
To die for it! But, better far, to live for it
And to be understood!
When he can bare his soul and tell the world
He lives with no regrets—
Then he's an Elk, American,
A Gentleman who ne'er forgets.'"

WILLIAM H. ATWELL—1925-26

"This great Order is an Order of Old Glory. It believes that no class, no political or sectarian organization, in particular, but that all classes and all organizations and all churches and all of the people, wherever they may be in this land, have a right in the Stars and Stripes. This Order dedicates the Flag as the representative of the government, as it is now constituted—not as someone else would constitute it, but as NOW constituted—constitutionally. For this may it ever wave."

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW—1926-27

"A large body of one hundred percent Americans who are

giving serious thought to the problems of our Country are those men spreading the Gospel of Elkdom by carrying on the great principles of our Order by helpfulness in community problems, greater realization of the full responsibility of citizenship and a better understanding of our Country and our opportunity, all of which make for a greater patriotism and loyalty to our Country."

JOHN F. MALLEY—1927-28

"Let the mind of the Nation adhere tenaciously to its traditions, principles, and ideals, and America will ever be the land of the free. ... The right to live one's life in its fullness, free from all restraint except the divine laws and a proper regard for the equal rights of every other person, that is liberty in a true American sense, that is the conception of liberty that the Elks embrace."

MURRAY HULBERT—1928-29

As a member of Congress Judge Hulbert induced President Wilson, in 1916, to issue the first Presidential Proclamation for the observance of Flag Day. He also introduced a bill (later enacted into law) designating the *Star-Spangled Banner* as the National Anthem.

LAWRENCE H. RUPP—1930-31

"It seems to me that all our plans for the future, all our principles, all our hopes for the welfare and happiness of our friends, are interwoven with the things that are represented by our Nation's Flag. We are resolved not to abandon it. Indeed, we

'Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.'"

JOHN R. COEN—1931-32

"The Elks casting their lot definitely and for all time for the future of their Country, the founders made American citizenship the primary requisite of membership ... and thus captured the ambition of buoyant, optimistic men of America ... we feel and believe we can make large contributions toward the upbuilding of a new American Religion ... produce for ourselves a perfect defense of American institutions ... America is fundamentally sound and always has been. ... Stand by—stand by America. ... To this end Elkdom pledges its resources, its honor, and its energies. We will stand by America."

FLOYD E. THOMPSON—1932-33

"How precious the thought that we are citizens of the only Nation that has a birthday, knows when it is, and celebrates it! How beautiful and symbolic is our national emblem, the first Flag ever created to represent a people, a Flag that has never led our soldiers in a war of oppression, and yet one that has repeatedly unfurled itself in crusades of mercy, a Flag that strikes a chill to the hearts of tyrants and that stirs anew the life-blood of the human family! ... This Flag represents the loyalty to principle and the devotion to ideals of the citizenship which made this country possible and which have enabled this government of free men to endure."

WALTER F. MEIER—1933-34

"Old Glory! ... We recognize in you a symbol of God's love and care, for your blue was taken from the eternal dome of Heaven and signifies that above all was the watchful care of the Supreme Architect of the Universe. Your stars are the never-sleeping eyes of your guardian angels that watch over an indissoluble union of indestructible States."



Hole Card Wild

by Ross Connelly

Illustrated by George Howe

The Prince asked, "What is this game anyhow?" "Come to the party, everybody," the Ambassador called. "The game is called hole card wild"



THE American Ambassador to the great empire grimaced as the fowl was put before him. But he caught himself and assumed the pleasant expression that effort had made habit. To the others he gave no hint that this magnificent meat was so much savorless pulp; that his insides were a throbbing Gethsemane of pain; that he was a tired, old man, sick to the very core of his heart.

Well, he had asked for it! One who has underwritten the party deficit for eight lean years is in a strategic position to make demands when political fortunes change. The dispenser of the party's patronage had tried to satisfy him with a high-sounding job in some alphabetical futility. But then the dispenser of patronage didn't know Millie. In so many words, Millie had said that they would have the post to the great empire—or else. So the able and brilliant career men at the great empire's American embassy had another political superior on their hands, who could cause them embarrassment. But he had fooled them! To be sure, diplomacy and the making of automobile tires are not exactly analogous. But isn't it reasonable to assume that the proper division of responsibility and old-fashioned teamwork can take a corps a long ways?

The Ambassador allowed himself to dwell upon the affection that existed between himself and the staff, and the great work accomplished. They were such fine, upstanding kids, loyal and energetic, and so wholeheartedly considerate. Could any

embassy in the capital match them for sheer genius and ability? Yet he had Avery—and he had the Colonel, his military attaché.

The Ambassador let his eyes roam down below the salt, where the lesser dignitaries were clustered. Avery, who never needed a haircut, who never appeared as if he had just had one, was holding his own little court. The Ambassador ruefully smiled at the memory of his earlier efforts to penetrate that Groton-Harvard-Oxford reserve. Why did Avery address him as "Your Excellency" when to the rest he was "Uncle Davy"?

The speeches would soon begin. What a hell of a way to torture yourself! A lot of heavy food that you had to cram down your throat and hours of listening to venerable phrases that meant nothing. Judas! For two cents he would go home and pile into bed with a glass of hot milk and a trashy detective story. The lonely nights, now that Millie was gone, were spent in such senile dissipation. Wasn't that a laugh, though? He, Dave Fleming, ready at sundown to call it a day! If Charley Nichols back in Akron could hear of that one! Good old Charley. He would never forget the day when they were working for old man Trask and had decided on the spur of the moment to go in business on their own; and the pleasure Charley got out of telling old Trask what he could do with his job, and afterwards they celebrated with a poker party at

Charley's house, and both of them got boiled to the eyes. The big lummoX wasn't much of a poker player ever. He didn't have the card sense that the other boys had.

Boy! That old crowd used to have some real poker sessions. Every other Saturday night from eight o'clock on, with time out at midnight for the inevitable dutch lunch; dealers choice and a ten cent limit. And if the party had been at Bill Donaldson's house you always missed the last owl-car and had the long walk home along the darkened streets, sometimes in snow to your knees. And you'd crawl into bed beside the fragrant



warmth of Millie, moving quietly so as not to awaken her; but only after placing as a tribute, win or lose, a ten dollar bill under her pillow. . . .

"Your Excellency is unusually quiet tonight."

The Ambassador pulled himself from the past with a start. "A thousand pardons, Your Highness," he begged of the empire's first prince. "I was not intentionally rude. I implore you to overlook old age's penchant for living in the past."

The Prince smiled. The smile while it endured erased the mask-like soberness on the thin, sensitive face.

The Ambassador continued. "My rudeness cannot be laid at the doors of office. There are some schools of diplomacy which base their success on truth and directness. I shall be truthful—I was thinking of poker."

"Poker!"

"Yes, Your Highness, of poker. I was harking back to the days of my infamous youth."

"I have played poker, you know," the Prince said. "I think it is a bully game and far more entertaining than bridge."

"Well, now," the Ambassador chuckled. "I would never have thought that Your Highness would be an enthusiast over one of our American pastimes."

"Poker is no longer American," the Prince argued. "Poker is an expatriate. It is known in our officer messes the world over and I have seen some of our natives below the equator

play it. By no means is it confined to your country."

"I am delighted. Do you know, Your Highness, that I am tempted to cable the State Department that I have won for poker the great empire's full endorsement?"

"By royal decree," the Prince added smiling.

"And I should have these old bones perpetuated in fine marble for our Hall of Fame. Could an appreciative government do less?"

"No less, Your Excellency. Now, if you were only a citizen of the great empire I would see to it that His Majesty would grant you a barony."

"—my crest a four card flush against a field of wild deuces."

"Your motto: know when to split your openers—how would one put that into Latin?"

It had been a long time since the Ambassador had indulged in such enjoyable conversational nonsense. Broken pacts, token payments, and bargaining for tariff or disarmament concessions are not the premises for small talk. The Prince, too, seemed to be eased out of his characteristic ennui. Poor lad, his days were dismal enough. That very day he had opened a new wing to a children's hospital; had told a meeting of striking miners that His Majesty was not unaware of the fact that some of their claims were justified; had addressed a luncheon meeting of the Society for Prevention of Cancer; had met with some colony delegates who were getting dirty oriental competition in textiles; had attended the premiere of a sordid Hollywood movie concerning gangsters; and had just terminated a one-way conversation with the gentleman on his left, who spoke only in his native tongue.

"During my Eastern trip last year on the journey out, we played a game called 'famine,'" the Prince said.

"Famine?" the Ambassador furrowed his brow in recollection. "I never heard of that one."

"It is played the same as draw poker only it takes aces to open and three of a kind or better to win."

The Ambassador smiled and nodded his head in informative shakes. "Oh! Your Highness means aspirin."

"You have played the game then?"

"Yes, indeed, Your Highness. And I remember once when twenty-eight hands were dealt before the pot was won. And then three little trays took it!"

"Another game I learned when I visited America several years ago was called meadowbrook. Five cards are dealt to each player and the low card in the entire hand is wild. Then the dealer places five cards in the center, pips down, and these are turned up singly for the

wagering. The player's hand is made up from the five on the board and the five in his hand. There are no byes. One bet or one must get out of the game."

"Up and down the river—the same game exactly. I know that one, Your Highness. It takes a royal flush or fives to win the pot, for almost always some lucky fellow has four of a kind."

"Your Excellency plays often?"

"No," the Ambassador replied somewhat sadly. "No, Your Highness, I haven't played for a long, long time."

"It is some time since I have played. I would like to play soon again as I enjoy poker very much. I must see to it."

The Ambassador stroked his close-clipped white mustache thoughtfully; he could find no diplomatic precedent for what was running through his mind. The last decade had seen many a sturdy tradition wither away and die; yet you could hardly say to a prince of the great empire, "come on over Saturday night, Prince, I'm having a few of the boys in for a little penny ante."

But some intuitive sense told the Ambassador to keep on and he said cautiously, "That should not prove difficult, Your Highness. The clubs must be comfortably supplied with poker addicts."

The Prince said nothing and was silent for a full half minute.

"Your Excellency?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"May I make an unusual request?"

"Your Highness has only to command."

"I would enjoy an evening's play at the American embassy. Could it be arranged?"

"The embassy would be honored and delighted, Your Highness, to be sure, and at any date that Your Highness suggests."

"Tonight, Your Excellency, would do very well!"

The Ambassador blanched, but not a muscle of his face moved. Where in God Almighty's world was he to find a bunch of eligible poker players at this time of the night? Practically the entire staff was on leave. Avery? Yes, he could count on Avery. Colonel Phillips, too, if he was sober.

"Mentally I have been counting. I think we can count on four players, Your Highness can you suggest any others?"

"Captain Ashbourne, my equerry, will come," the Prince said. "That makes five."

"We really should have another," the Ambassador suggested.

The Prince ran his eyes down the long table. "Nogi was at Washington for a number of years, I believe. He must have become familiar with the game in that time."

"Nogi!" the Ambassador exclaimed in surprise. "I—"

"Why not, Your Excellency? Who is to know if we maintain the utmost secrecy? After all, Nogi's government has done nothing more than thumb its nose at us."

"It is not our position I am so concerned about, Your Highness. I am thinking of the possible embarrassment to the great empire."

The Prince dismissed the possibility with a slight wave of his hand. "All my life," he said somewhat sadly, "I have been most circumspect." He stopped suddenly and smiled ruefully at the Ambassador.

"Can you understand what that means, Your Excellency?"

The Ambassador nodded sympathetically. "I do," he said. "I am sure that I do, Your Highness."

I HAVE finally located Colonel Phillips, Your Excellency," Avery remarked coming into the library.

There was a supercilious ring to Avery's "Your Excellency." Or did he only imagine it? "Sober?"

"Quite sober—or rather, over the phone he sounded coherent enough, sir."

"Nogi will be here, too, Avery." The Ambassador let his small bomb drop with quiet relish.

"Nogi! Why Nogi? What's up?" Avery demanded bristling.

In his suave manner the Ambassador explained the Prince's request. Avery's jaw set in hard, determined lines and when he spoke his voice was as chill as the tinkle of ice in a glass. "As first secretary, Your Excellency, I have a certain interest in our conduct here. I am afraid, sir, that you—you have blundered—"

He had never gone so far. "That will be enough, Avery," the Ambassador insisted quietly, and paused for words that could cruelly sting.

"Whatever the circumstances, young man. I happen to be your superior so, in spite of your cultured background, you

are poorly equipped to instruct me in the amenities. A few gentlemen are to be embassy guests this evening and I am going to ask something difficult of you. I ask that you forget for a few, short hours the weight of your exalted self-esteem and help me in being a cordial host—perhaps I should say gentleman, Avery!"

"I understand," Avery said frigidly.

"Thank you, Avery. I hope that you do!"

Such was the tenderness of the old man that as soon as he had placated his own hurt feelings he longed to say something that would alleviate the hurt he had caused Avery. But a knock at the library door sent into eternity the soft intention.

Colonel Phillips entered. He was a tall, barrel-chested man on the wrong side of fifty. His still attractive face had that unhealthy, beefy ruddiness that told of long familiarity with fermented grain. "Well," he indolently drawled, "I must say that this is a fine hour to be torn from pleasant companions. I suppose some great military problem is up." He went to a cabinet against the wall for a decanter.



"You are a good man, Uncle Davy," he said, "and I can't tell you how sorry I am that we weren't closer in the past"

DROP that!" Avery commanded. "You will require your full faculties tonight."

"Oh! So I am taking orders from you now, eh, Sweetheart?" The Colonel filled his glass.

"Put the decanter down, Colonel," the Ambassador requested in a soothing tone. "You—"

"—You should thank your lucky stars, Colonel, that you have an influential senator for a father-in-law," Avery sneered.

"Otherwise I'd be in some dismal Philippine outpost," the Colonel said evenly.

The Ambassador waved him silent. "In a few minutes, Colonel, the Prince of the great empire, his equerry, and Count Nogi will be here for an evening of poker. Please limit yourself to

not more than three drinks during the evening."

"Royalty, eh? Well, I'd just as soon take their dough as anyone's."

Avery gave the Colonel a dirty scowl. "This is to be a sociable game, Colonel Phillips, and not an opportunity to feather your nest."

"Swell, Mr. Boston Bean," the Colonel leered at Avery. "I'll deal 'em from the top of the deck."

"Oh, drop it," the Ambassador pleaded wearily. He was beginning to entertain doubts concerning the evening's success.

"By the way, Uncle Davy," the Colonel inquired from the top of the desk where he had perched himself, "did you know that your little playmate, Nogi, pulled another fast one today?"

"What do you mean?" The Ambassador was alert.

"His government got the sole rights to that Scandinavian explosive, that's all."

"You're mistaken!" Avery exclaimed positively, but he fidgeted with his hands nervously.

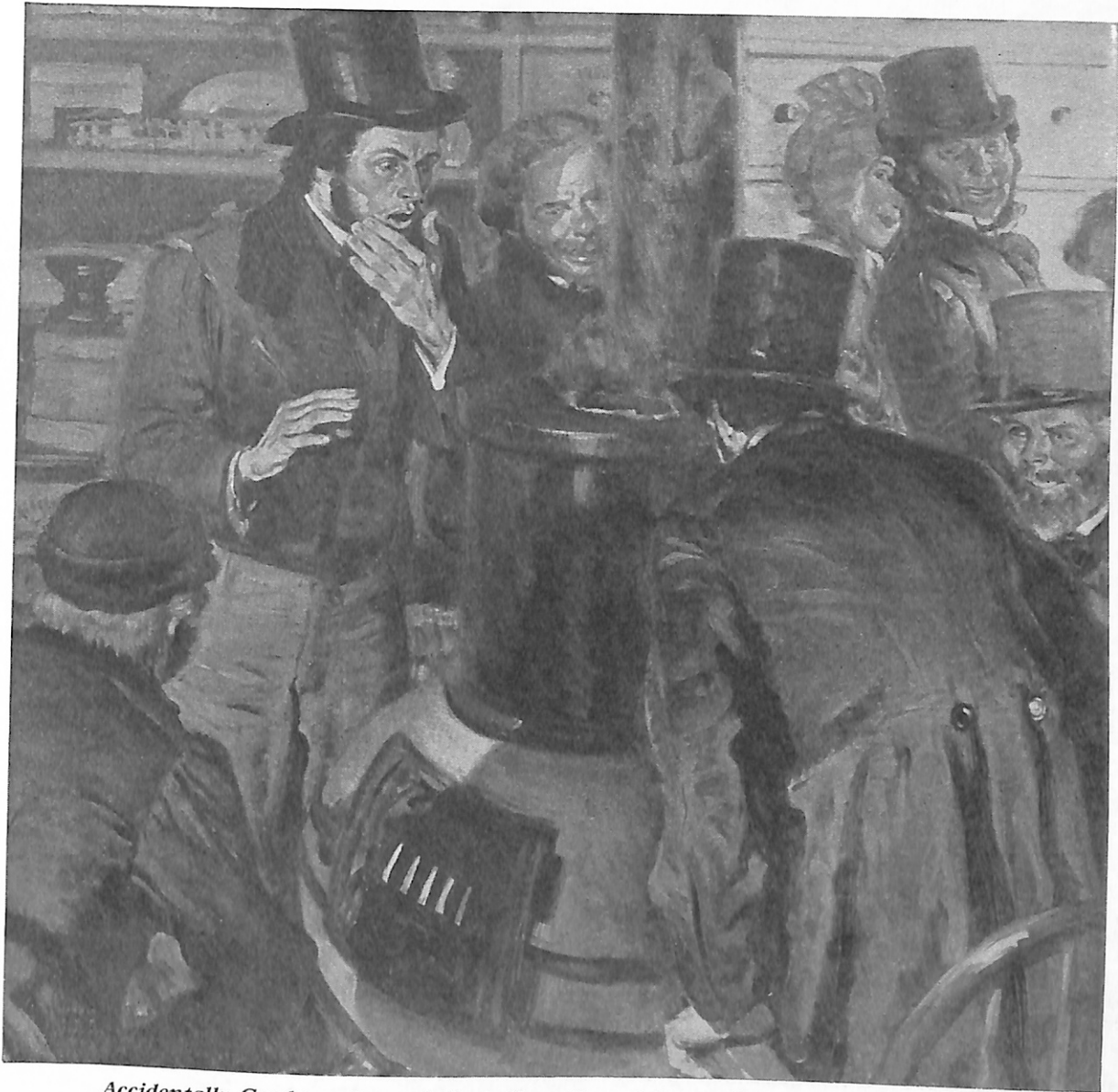
"Yeah? Have it your way, then, Sweetheart."

"You are mistaken," Avery insisted. "Why, this very afternoon we agreed to finance the production on equal shares."

"Your agreement has been sold down the river. Nogi went over the offer."

"How do you know, Colonel?" the Ambassador asked in a strained voice.

(Continued on page 40)



Accidentally Goodyear dropped the ball on the red-hot surface of the old iron stove

Injun Rubber Man

by Charles Spencer Hart

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

IT was just a hundred years ago. The great hands on the clock in the old church steeple of Roxbury approached the midnight hour and "like a giant shears clipped off the last few minutes of another day." Four men grumbled and groaned as they dug a grave-like hole in a secluded spot just beyond the boundary line of this small Massachusetts factory town. Grouped about the pit, silent and disheartened, were several others, obviously men of business and affairs.

It was not a corpse these people were hiding away, but the physical evidence of a secret which, if it became known, would mean the immediate and complete collapse of an industry into which a hopeful public had poured more than two million dollars. Large crate-like cases stood by the open grave—boxes filled with rubber overshoes, some cracked and broken from exposure to cold, and others scarcely resembling their original shape because of the intense heat to which they had been subjected.

High had been the hopes of these Roxbury men who had made this fabric footwear and carefully covered it with layer after layer of crude rubber, for theirs had been the first rubber shoe factory in the world. People on both sides of the Atlantic, equally as enthusiastic, had rushed to place their hard-earned savings in the hands of the founders of this new industry. Interest throughout the world was at a high pitch. Everyone was wild about India rubber.

The samples which had been sent out from this first factory in Roxbury had attracted not only a flood of orders, but in addition had excited the interest of the investing public to a great degree. But only a few hundred pairs had been released, and then, after a short interval, they began to trickle back to the Roxbury warehouse. Purchasers in the South found that the rubber "ran" and became like glue under the glare of the Southern sun. Those living in colder climes soon discovered that their rubbers developed the rigidity of wood and then

For Goodyear was a dreamer—"a member of the chosen few. He never wore Doubt's bandage on his eyes, but held to courage and hope because he knew that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his goal"

cracked up like so many pieces of Christmas ribbon candy.

So, to keep the world from knowing of their failure and to prevent complete collapse in the securities into which so many people had dumped their all, these men of Roxbury were burying their mistake, hoping that some one some day soon would solve their problem and make rubber behave.

Into their picture of despair and ruin came Charles Goodyear, a young man from Philadelphia, whose reputation for experimenting with rubber had reached the ears of these men of Massachusetts. Driven nearly frantic, they dared not suspend operations and permit the collapse of their plans, so on looking about for a savior of this infant industry Goodyear seemed to be the man.

BUT before going into the story of this remarkable man, in whose career the Roxbury debacle was but an incident, let us view the stage upon which he made his entry a hundred years ago.

What epic days they were throughout the world! Mazzini and Garibaldi were shaping the destinies of a new and united Italy—Louis Phillipe was being crowned the first constitutional King of France—Queen Victoria faced the dawn of Britain's longest and most glorious reign, and in America Old Hickory Andrew Jackson was busy fighting Indians and the national banking system at the same time.

They were years of zest and enterprise. Railroads were being built. Internal improvements, trade expansion and speculation were the order of the day. American literature was entering upon a new and brilliant career. Washington Irving with his sketches—Cooper with his novels of the wilderness and Poe with his weird tales and poetry of beauty. Hawthorne and Longfellow, and Emerson with his essays. Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, Henry Clay and Calhoun were the orators and statesmen of the day, the like of whom have seldom since been seen in America.

The spirit of invention was being manifested in the cotton gin, the McCormick reaper, and the iron smelting processes. Steamboats were beginning to make trips across the Atlantic. America was becoming aware of her greatness. In her ambitious dreams of expansion she offered asylum for men of energy and inventive powers. No device was rejected because of its novelty, and so it was that rubber and its possibilities intrigued the interest of thousands who were willing to invest in any scheme that multiplied their profits.

Up to 1800, rubber had never been seen in the United States. It was first discovered by the Indians of South America where their children scraped it from the trees and made balls of it to play with in their games. It was called "caoutchaouc" because of the sound it made when stretched and snapped. When first brought to Europe it cost a guinea an ounce, and lumps of it were collected and put on display in cabinets in the homes of the wealthy, such as is done today with bits of jade and onyx.

The story of why the substance is called rubber goes back to Priestley, the English scientist of that day who accidentally discovered that a bit of it would erase pencil marks. So he put it on the ends of sticks and sold them to architects to use in rubbing out their mistakes.

Not until 1823 was an attempt made to commercialize this peculiar gum, when a Scotchman named MacIntosh put some rubber paste between two layers of cloth and made a cape of it. This he found to be rainproof, and raincoats are still called mackintoshes today.

Scientists and chemists in Europe and America began experimenting with rubber, which by then was so well known that it had become an article of commerce and was frequently used as ballast by sailing vessels from South America. But all of their researches ended in the same blind alley. Rubber was easy to



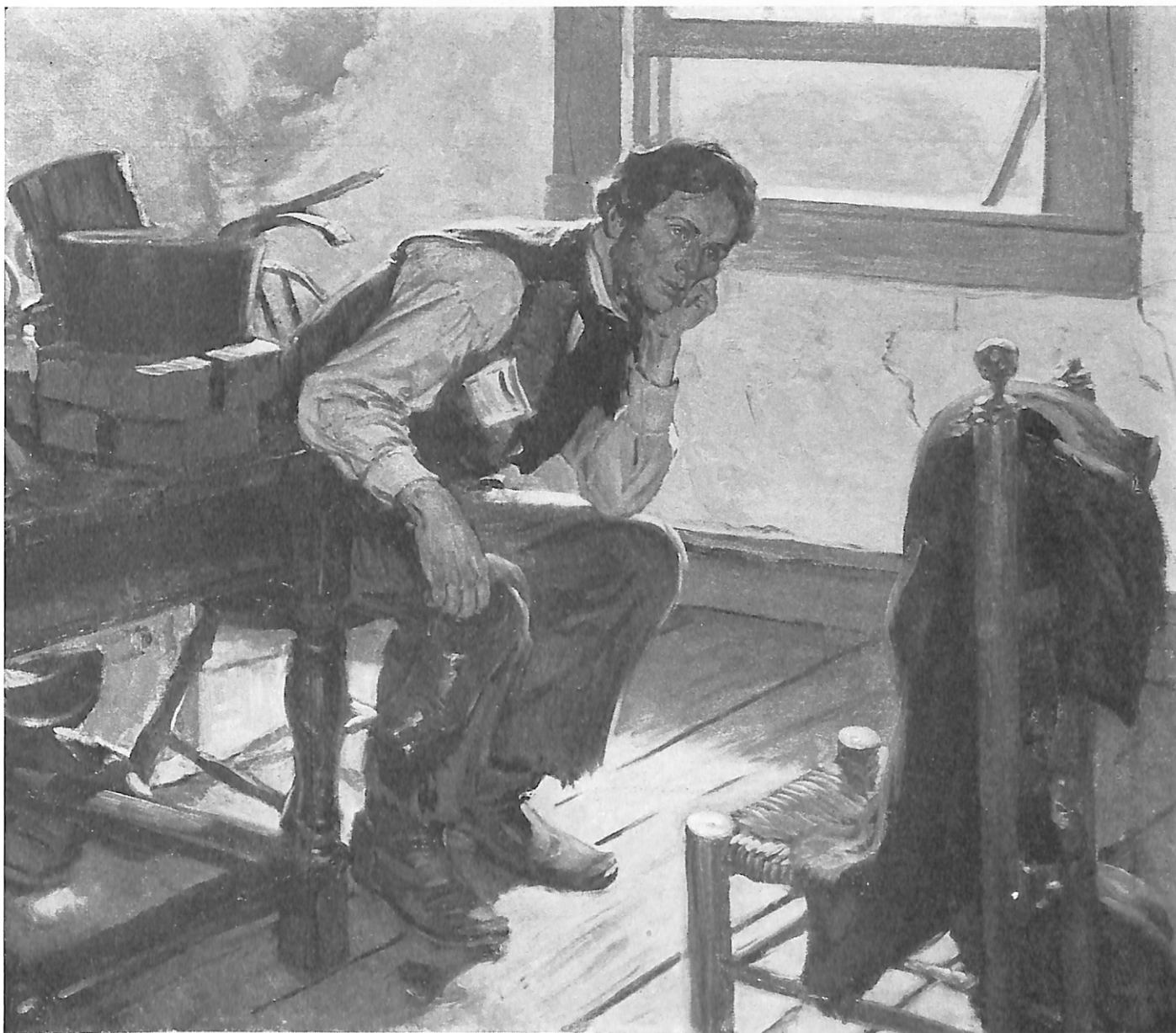
melt and to mould into any shape, but it never "stayed put." A shipload of rubber shoes brought into Boston from South America in 1823 started the rubber craze.

Mr. James A. McLaughlin, in his splendid biography of Goodyear, tells how the South American natives fashioned these shoes by dipping a clay last into the rubber sap some 25 times and smoking it after each dipping, thus contriving to make it stand up. The shoes were heavy, poorly shaped and clumsy, but they sold readily and soon America began importing them in large quantities.

They became a challenge to Yankee inventiveness and ingenuity. With rubber costing but a few cents a pound by this time, why should ignorant South American natives outsmart the boys who invented the wooden nutmeg, the cotton gin and the sewing machine? Companies sprang up over night, the public poured its money in, but rubber still was rubber. No matter into what shape it was moulded, the fixing element was lacking and, like the children's snow man, it melted back to liquid form.

SO it can be readily seen that up to Goodyear's time no man had made any real progress in developing rubber as a useful commodity. The stage was set for this man who became one of the greatest inventors and public benefactors of the Nineteenth Century.

Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in December, 1800. His father was an inventor and manufacturer of hardware, and a partner of Governor Eaton,



who founded New Haven. He made the first pearl buttons in America. During the War of 1812 he furnished the metal buttons for the United States Army and later engaged in the making of farm implements. In the course of developing this business he moved to Philadelphia with his family and it was here that Charles began his experiments in rubber. With most of his small savings he bought one of the first pairs of overshoes shipped to America, and afterwards remarked in regard to them, "They were fine. I couldn't wear them out, because I couldn't wear them at all."

Until he was 21 he labored as an apprentice in his father's hardware shop. Finally he was taken into the firm as a partner. The venture failed. While others went into bankruptcy, Charles Goodyear refused to escape in this manner. As a result he served his first jail sentence for debt, a sentence which was to be followed by many similar ones in the course of his unhappy career.

He finally went to New York and in the course of his experiments perfected a new life preserver. This was a vast improvement on any that had as yet been attempted. In his efforts to market it he went to New England where he became known to those who were interested in the development of rubber. Through this connection he was called into consultation by the members of the Roxbury firm whose sorry plight led the partners to bury their mistakes. Possessing little knowledge of chemicals and with no technical training, Goodyear set about to achieve that which noted chemists the world over said was impossible.

Goodyear's meeting with the Roxbury men resulted in neither a solution of their problems nor the prevention of their ultimate financial failure. But it did inspire him to greater effort. So back to New York he went with the firm resolution to carry on regardless of what might happen. He was in the position of Uncle Remus' dog which the alligators chased up a tree—"Dogs don't climb trees, but this one had to." He firmly believed that he was destined to solve the rubber problem and he never lost confidence in his ability to accomplish it.

Money gone, and the patience of his friends exhausted, Goodyear was reduced to severe straits. To the pawnshop went the trinkets of his wife and what furniture the creditors had not taken. Then two friends came to his rescue. One gave him a room in which to work. The other, a druggist, furnished materials with which to continue his experiments. To magnesium and rubber he added quick-lime, walking several miles daily with a jug under his arm in which he carried back the lime. This ended, as had all of his previous experiments, in complete failure.

He plastered all sorts of articles with his liquid rubber—book covers, furniture, hats, cotton sun shades—even rugs. One day while trying to remove this coating from a piece of polished metal he used some *aqua fortis*, or nitric acid. To his amazement he discovered that the acid cured and solidified the rubber coating. Here was the goal of his labors. If nitric acid was not the final answer he knew that somewhere in this powerful solution of sodium nitrate (saltpetre) and sulphuric acid there must be some element which, when (Continued on page 45)



Croix de Guerre

by Fergus Ferguson

A "Storiette"—Complete on These Two Pages

THE nurse had been sitting there a long time and it looked as if her patient would never fall asleep. The night was too long for comfort and no breeze stirred the curtains.

"Yes," said the nurse, "of course I've seen some odd things. You see, I've been nursing over twenty years."

"You were in the war, weren't you?"

She said, quickly: "Please. I don't want to talk about that!" And her eyes looked a little blind.

"Ass!" said the patient to himself. "Sorry!" he said aloud. He saw that she had been at the front, not just in Paris like some nurses. And, because he was a nice boy and sensitive, he was angry that his usual tact had deserted him, that he had opened doors into sad and dark and ugly corridors of her life, had brought to mind blood and hate and violence that were none of her making, and times whose every struggle, as the world now knew, had ended in defeat for everyone.

So he snatched another topic by the arm and whirled away with it. But the nurse sat and looked at him with the most delicate inflection of a smile and he saw that she knew what he was thinking and feeling. And she swallowed once as if refusing to feel in any way frightened of what she remembered. And she said, in her quiet, professional voice with its pleasant inflection which always made him feel as if the kindly sun were shining upon him:

"It really is silly of me to act like that about it—about the war. There were some things in it that were not so dreadful. Some things which were funny, and a few things that weren't

just senseless and futile. Not many, but a few. And there was one thing—I don't know to this day whether it wasn't, well—beautiful. The best thing that could have happened."

She rose and adjusted the shade on the light and stood looking down at it thoughtfully.

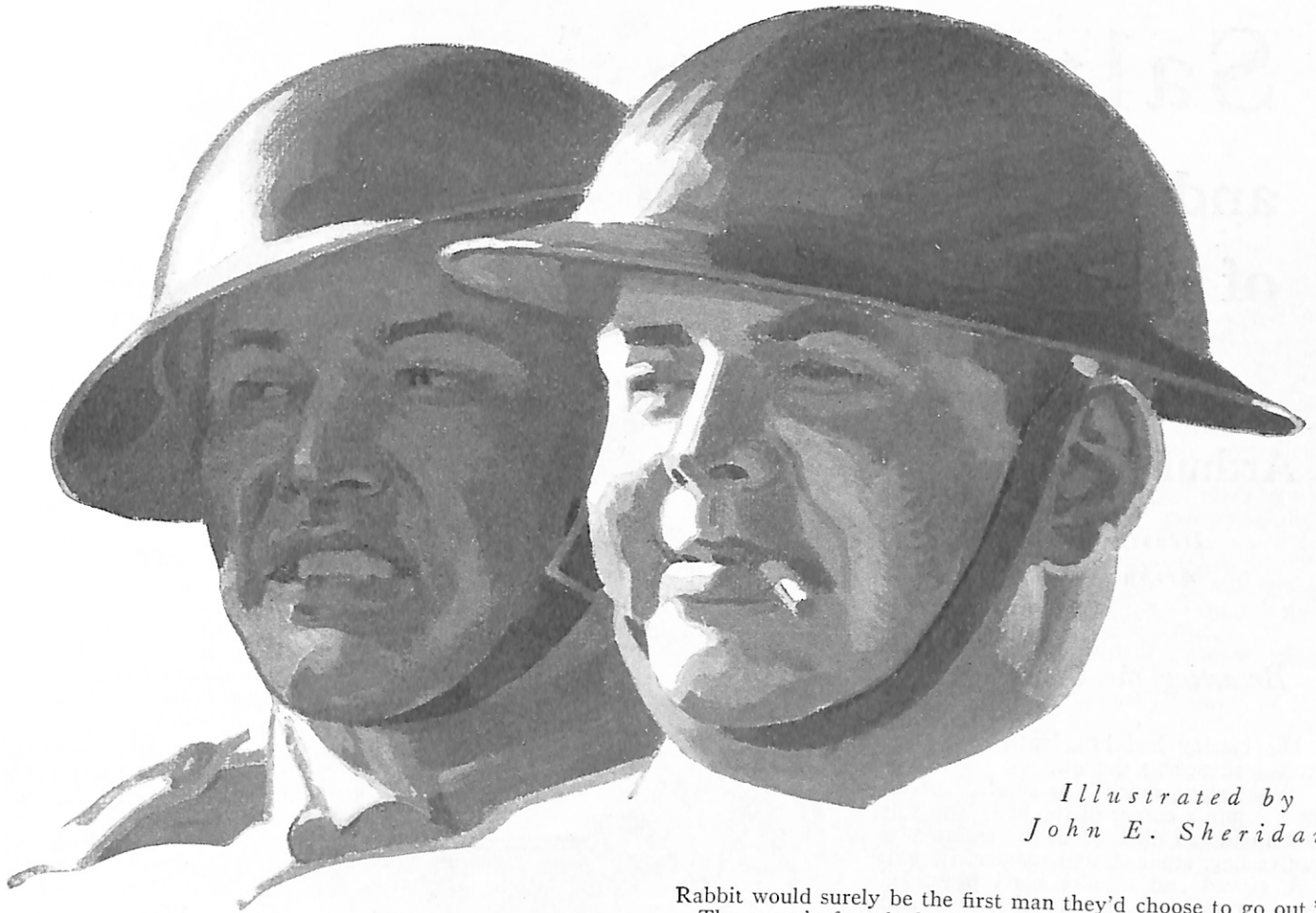
"You know," she said, "every once in a while the French Government would get an idea that it wanted to reward some of the regiments or divisions or companies of its Allies. And one day they sent out word that they were going to give out the Croix de Guerre to our Division. There'd been some bad fighting and the Division was pretty well banged up."

She went over and looked out, through the open window, toward the river. Her patient felt himself go white. He thought this was pretty bad for her, thinking about it, and he wished she would stop.

But she turned and looked at him and went on: "Sometimes they honored just a regiment, by pinning the Cross on the colors. But this time they wanted to give out about a dozen Orders to individuals and they left the choice to the Divisional Commander."

"Well, the day came, and it was one of those swagger ceremonies—all dress uniforms, visiting dignitaries, buglers, and exalted emotion—and the rain poured down and when it was all over, the different companies, which had been relieved, slogged back to the front lines."

"With their decorations," said the patient, just to say something.



Illustrated by
John E. Sheridan

"Yes," said the nurse. "And with Company K not able to believe its eyes and ears."

"Why?"

"Because Rabbit Schmidt had been picked for the Croix. There were some other awfully funny choices that no one could understand but the Rabbit was the funniest of all. And the Company was frothing at the mouth."

"What was the matter with the Rabbit?"

She tried to think that over. "Apparently, everything," she said. "The men said he should have been drowned the day he was born. He was the only man I ever saw in all that time who seemed to be yellow clear through."

"They said he tried to desert two or three times and the men always said if they wanted to find him all they needed to do was to look down the nearest rat-hole. The Sergeant worked over him and tried to turn him into something like a normal being, but they finally saw that it was useless to bother with him. They finally recommended that he be sent back to the base because he was so frightened and so hysterical that it was bad for the rest of the men. Got on their nerves."

"And he was the one that got the Croix de Guerre?" the boy in the bed asked incredulously.

She nodded. "They say the Company nearly fell down when he was called out and the French General kissed him on both cheeks and pinned on the medal. I had an hour off duty and was watching and I couldn't believe my eyes. The Rabbit looked as if his eyes would pop out. But he straightened up his little thin chest and looked down at his medal, and then all of a sudden he seemed to shrink again."

"But didn't they read the citations? What was it all about?"

"The Commander had the citations," said the nurse slowly. "But they didn't read them on the field. Just pinned on the medals. And that night they went back to the front and the men in his squad tried to find out what he had done to earn it. They were all in the dug-out and they kept razzing him and making fun of him and telling him he was a pretty seldom kind of hero and where had he been hiding all this gallantry in action, and why had he been holding out on them with his lion heart. And they said next time there was a raiding party

Rabbit would surely be the first man they'd choose to go out."

The nurse's face looked back over the years. "I've heard them," she said, "when they got started on someone like that. And I can see the Rabbit standing there, looking at the floor, trembling. With their words grinning at his aloneness. And him trying to find the answer, trying to see the answer stretching out before his eyes. And I can see him shaking because he was a coward while they were bold. And never, never could he get over his fear of life and death and blood and shells. He could never see the war as they saw it, nor think as they thought."

"Still, he had a medal," said the patient, puzzled.

"Yes. And he was standing there with it in his pocket when an orderly clattered down the steps and a man was wanted—a volunteer—to go out into No-Man's Land and cut wire. And then the Rabbit didn't have to answer the others, for no one was thinking of him any more. And presently a man named Drake started for the steps, because he had no family and he could attend strictly to the business in hand."

"So Drake went?"

"No. Because suddenly the Rabbit, who was standing there holding on to something in his pocket, laughed into Drake's face, into all their faces, and he said: 'I'm going.' And he went."

"The Rabbit went." The patient whistled. After a minute he said: "And did he come back?"

"Of course not," said the nurse. "No one thought he would. The Rabbit knew he wouldn't." She looked at the boy in the bed. "You see," she said, "all of a sudden he knew he had to live up to his medal."

The boy in the bed thought about that.

"But he already had won his medal," he said, wonderingly.

The nurse agreed. "Yes." She sat thinking. "A long time afterward," she said, "I was taking care of the Battalion Commander. He was pretty bad and he was telling me something that had always worried him. It seems that the day the honors were given he was drunk. Instead of sending in the list of citations, he sent in a list of men to be returned to the base because they were such yellow soldiers that they were bad for the morale of the men at the front."

The boy in the bed took a cigarette out of the box beside him.

"Perhaps it was beautiful," he said, frowning, smoking.

Salt— and a Dash of Mustard

by
Arthur H. Folwell

Illustrations by
Arthur Crouch



Breasting the Crime Wave

His coming had been swift as a split second, silent as a shadow.

"Your rings, quick!" he snarled, crowding her into a corner of the hall. The butt of his gun had disposed of her escort, who was reeling, stunned, and temporarily out.

A gloved and slender hand protruded from the sleeve of her evening wrap and this the bandit seized. He could see and feel the rings beneath. There were many. That hand alone would be a good night's work.

"Off with that glove!"

Callous to everything but the spoils of crime, the thief tugged. And then—

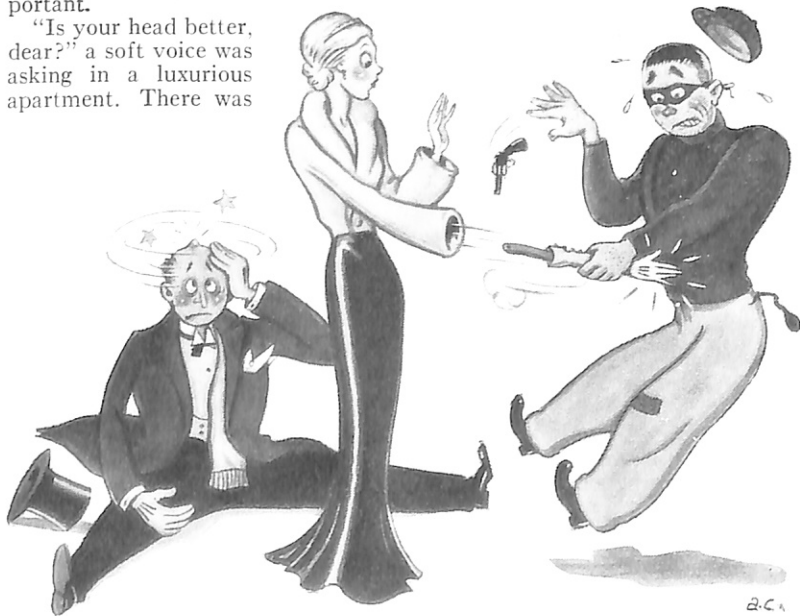
With a howl of terror, the scream of a man unnerved, he fled.

A woman's gloved hand lay, quivering, on the floor.

(Comes an interval of five minutes.)

The little that remains to be told is important.

"Is your head better, dear?" a soft voice was asking in a luxurious apartment. There was



Who throws out the first ball is a matter of interest to the fans, but what the umpire would like to know is, who threw out the first pop bottle?



The shoplifter who carried a baby with her on business trips had a long head. If an infant has sticky fingers, it is likely that even a grand piano would adhere to the little precious

a faint odor of witch hazel and a strong one of brandy.

"Yes, dear—but what? But how?"

"Oh, that. I always take it with me when we expect to be home late. It's a rubber hand with a sixteen-button glove over some old rings. It has a handle like a bath-brush and I hold it just inside my coat-sleeve. It must have saved you about ten thousand tonight, darling," and she

made a quick appraisal of a real hand that sparkled.

"I wish I could wear a rubber head in this town," remarked her still groggy husband.

The Key to Glory

Once there was a hard-working young actress who made just a living and no more.

Her name was Hannah O'Grady.

Then one day, in an evening paper, under the head "Theatrical Notes," she saw that a balky typesetting machine had twisted the letters of her name hopelessly.

She was, for the moment, Nahhan Ygrado.

Did the young actress rage because one of her all too few press notices had completely disguised her identity?

She did not.

Well, what did she do?

She took the name out to Hollywood and got a swell job in the movies as a lovely imported star, Nahhan Ygrado, from Czechoslovakia.

Paradise

by Max Brand

Illustrated by
J. Clinton Shepherd

WE came out of the sun-fire into the dim and healing coolness of the saloon. We had tied our saddle mules beside the long watering trough and when I looked back through the screen door I could see them still drinking with their mouths plunged in deep, like horses. In the West, even mules lose their dainty meanness and become hearty.

Behind me I heard Buck Chalmers, my guide, saying in that tone of respectful consideration which he usually reserved for his political opinions: "Why, hullo, Paradise! It's a real pleasure to see you. I wantcha to meet a friend of mine by name of Wayland, here, what is seeing some of the country." So I turned towards the bar which was unusually long because one end of it served customers of the grocery, general merchandise, hardware, and clothing store. The sense of space was very pleasant because all of it was dim and cool as water except where the windows opened on the white dazzle of the outer day. A tall man rose from one of the tables in the corner of the room.

The red of the sun and the ache of it were not yet out of my eyes, so that at first glimpse of the black hat and the long, dark face, I thought I was seeing a young vaquero, a half-Latin representative of the dying romance. Afterwards I knew, by something tense about the mouth and eyes, that he was entirely American. A close examination made his youth vanish along with the romance. He was fifty, and a bad fifty, with sagging pouches under his eyes and slack folds in his cheeks to match them. The black of his hat was dusty with time and his bow tie was merely a string, pulled awry. He was a waste product, a burned out thing, but while the fire was still in him I was sure that he must have been quite a man. Only a fellow of some parts would venture on bow ties that far west of the Mississippi. He greeted me with a weary ease of eye and smile and hand, like one who has known the world almost too well.

When Buck asked him to have a drink, he accepted without enthusiasm. There were three sorts of drink to be had in that saloon: whiskey, beer, or whiskey with a beer chaser. I had a whiskey in small sips to burn the dust out of my throat; Buck had whiskey and beer; but Paradise had a small beer



Down by the creek in the pale of the moon-shine, I found them close together, talking

only and even that he got down with difficulty. He was loath to talk though Buck tried him with everything from weather to beef prices to prospecting. When Buck mentioned a rich strike that had recently been made in the mountains, Paradise said: "Gold is for the youngsters with the luck to find it and the blood to spend it." I don't believe he said anything else before he gave us his tired smile again and left the saloon. He had a very regular and dignified step as slow as that of a minister walking through his congregation.

When the screen door had jingled behind Paradise, Buck looked after him for a long moment, gathering thought and words that made his long moustaches stir before they were spoken. He was still looking towards the front door as he pushed his glass towards the bartender for refilling. Though I had been out with Buck from the dude ranch for only eight days, I was already accustomed to these absent-minded gestures of his. They had cost me a good deal of money.

"And yet," said Buck, "I've seen Paradise light up a town like a rocket. I've seen the day when he knew more congressmen than I ever knew cowpunchers. But Paradise Valley broke his heart. He ain't been half a man a since then."

I asked if Paradise had been a politician.

"He wasn't that big a crook. He was only a promoter," answered Buck. "But he was real. I'll tell you

what I've seen. With a stone to stand on and half a barrel of whiskey, I've seen him promote a cross-trail in the desert into a town with factories and a city hall until the folks in the crowd were fighting to get in their bids for corner lots on Main Street. He used to have colored flags and he'd go about and poke them into the ground—a blue flag for the post office and a black flag for the jail and always an American flag, big and silky, for the city hall. I've seen him plant the lawn in front of the city hall and grow the palms on it in half an hour; and he could raise a breeze that would stop the sweat from running on your face, and build five hundred miles of railroad with a wave of his hand—yes, and bring in another railroad and make 'em fight for the right of way.

"He could turn blow-sand into alfalfa fields and fill long freight trains with short horns that had the fat dripping off

their sides. But Paradise was so big that even the whole West got kind of small for him and no matter where he went and raised a crowd, there was sure to be somebody in it that had broken his teeth long ago on one of Paradise's ideas. The spread of Paradise's mind was doggone wide and nobody wanted to sit in that kind of a shade and get sunstroke twice. So things got pretty bad with him and he decided that he would sell the old home place.

"I mean to say there hadn't been any house on it for a hundred years or so but still it was home. You see, the mother of Paradise was a Mexican gal that had inherited the last rights of her family to an old Spanish land grant and all the last rights amounted to was the ten thousand acres of Paradise Valley."

"Ten thousand acres?" I exclaimed, measuring them out in terms of the Berkshire Hills.

"I know what you mean," said Buck. "You're thinking of a fine, rich, green country like this."

HE waved towards the window. I shaded my eyes to look out into the sun-glare. The air trembled with the heat. The ground and the sun-whitened grass which pricked the sand here and there, quivered with the recoiling waves of light. In the distance I saw the sheen of a mirage like the polished blue of a sword-blade and almost beyond ken was a wretched trio of trees, keeping desperate company.

Buck had swallowed his second whiskey and was half through with his second beer. He licked the foam off his moustaches and parted them with the back of his red wrist.

"You got in mind," said Buck, pointing out the window again, "a good fat grazing country, like this here, but Paradise Valley was another thing. It was ten miles long and a couple wide and the cliffs all bright steel on one side and shining brass on the other. Over the cliffs, the mountains went jump into the sky, with a whoop and a holler. The winds had rubbed them down till they shone even by starlight, like they were made of hard glass. Those mountains were built fast and they were built high and the only way to get to them out of the valley was up a couple of ravines chuck-a-block with granite boulders as big as your eye would hold without hurting. Only one end of the valley was really open, and that led out onto the desert."

"I mean 'desert' was no name for Paradise. It was the hell-hole of creation. The heat rose out of it so that the buzzards were hoisted a mile high when they flew over. I've stood on the rim of the cliff and looked down and seen the dry rocks of the creek-bed in the middle shining like they were on fire and put out my hands to keep the flames from scorching my face."

"You be minding the look of Paradise Valley when I tell you that I met up with Paradise himself, a few years back, and he tells me to wait around till he finishes his poker game, which he does right pronto by holding an ace full and then a straight flush. He stakes those busted cowpunchers a ten spot apiece and comes over to me at the bar."

"Then he says that he's been needing me."

"What for?" said I.

"To help me sell Paradise Valley," said he.

"I'd rather help you sell hell," said I.

"Shares in hell would sell right fast in Alaska," said Paradise. "It isn't so much what you have to peddle, it's the fellow you peddle it to. You go and get hold of an eight mule team and a big wagon and hire that half-breed Chinese nigger, George Wong, that can make frijoles and bacon taste like quail on toast, and get a couple of tents, and five or six camp cots with good soft, thick springs to put on them, and lay in some fishing tackle, and shotguns, and tell George Wong to fill up the wagon with everything he knows how to cook, and lay in plenty of old brandy and whiskey. And down there in the town of Roadan you'll find Jimmy Tucker. Do you know Jimmy?"

"He's been in jail too much for me to get to know him right well," I said, "and even when he's out, he's too fast for my eye to follow."

The Easterners were already knocked cock-eyed, but when Jimmy and Dolly blew in, you'd better believe they opened their eyes

"I see you know Jimmy pretty good," said Paradise. "And the other person I want you to get in Roadan is Dolly Tucker."

"She's on the stage singing songs and dancing plumb scandalous," said I.

"She's danced her way into a vacation," said Paradise. "You'll find her in Roadan. Tell her that I want her along with you and Jimmy in the Valley."

"I don't foller this," I had to admit.

"Boy, there's spring in Paradise Valley, just now," stated Paradise. "And Dolly is going to be the spring-song and the native wood-note wild. Tell her that I'm not taking her off the stage. I'm just giving her the whole Valley to act in. I'm going to bring in an audience, too, and what that audience will want is near to nature's heart. Dolly is going to be part of the nature and most of the heart. A calico dress and her hair flowing loosely—"

"Wait a minute while I get a breath," said I.

"I've got a better idea. The young huntress Diana in Indian togs—I mean, a doe-skin shirt white as satin and fitted pretty snug, and a skirt not too long, and leggins, and moccasins—I was going to say a bow and arrows, but I don't wanta overcall my hand. An old-fashioned Kentucky rifle for her to lean on would finish off the picture pretty good."

"Paradise," said I, "you sure have me beat. What sort of suckers are you going to show her to?"

"I got a hand-picked lot of damn fools in mind," said he,



'and while I do the picking, you do the rest. You four get into the Valley and all of you be brave and strong and innocent and kind of noble. You know. The old pioneer spirit that made the West what it is today.'

WELL, anyway, I wound up down there in Roadan with a pocket full of the cash of Paradise. I spotted Jimmy Purvis in the back room of a saloon sort of sitting and thinking. There wasn't many fellows that got drunk enough to play poker with Jimmy. He was a big kind of a young gent with pale eyes and he done a good deal of smiling. He'd showed his talents right early and people had given him plenty of elbow room ever since. He'd made his mark in the world, all right—yes, right on the face of it. When he saw me this day he stood up and says in his deep, soft voice will I sit down and play a friendly little game?

"I said: 'Jimmy, I wanta be your friend because I'd be scared to be anything else. But I don't wanta go broke, either. I'm just here to talk about Paradise. He says he can sell his Valley if you give him a hand.'

"I never thought that Paradise would ever go out of his head," said Jimmy. "But the slicker they are the faster they go when they hit the skids. Nobody could sell Paradise Valley. Not to an orphan asylum of the blind. The poor dope has gone crazy." And Jimmy more than half meant what he said.

"He wants you to come along with me," said I. "He's not crazy but he's got an idea. I'll tell you more about it later on."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I owe a lot to the man that taught me how to deal Twenty-one with one hand. I'll go."

"Then I went over and hunted up Dolly Tucker. She had such a nice, frank, easy way about her, you wouldn't ever think what a dust she'd raised. She knew how to soften up her eyes like Home Sweet Home and many a man decided to reform the first time he met her but the next time he was likely to postpone the change. Like they say in the books, Dolly had seen about twenty-five summers, but when I looked at her close, I knew that she'd seen a lot more than twenty-five winters.

"I said: 'Dolly, you're wanted by Paradise.'

"Maybe I'm going to travel," said she, "but you must have mixed up the stations, Buck."

"I had to laugh at her. She was a nice sort of a hardboiled girl. Across the street, she was as good to look at as I ever seen.

"I am speaking about Paradise, the man, and he wants you out in his valley with some more of us to make a selling plant. He says that you're to furnish the spring-song and the native wood note wild."

"I'll be with him," said Dolly. "Anybody that expects me to be those things has got the sort of faith I want to find."

"So it was all settled. I loaded up the big wagon with fifty kinds of grub, got George Wong drunk (*Continued on page 36*)



Treasure Hunting High and Low

*A Business Trip through the
South American Wilderness*



THERE are many treasures on and under the earth's surface but to find them a man must concentrate. I learned that lesson when I sought adventure and profit as a boy, exploring the mountains of my native State for polecat skins. I've learned it all over again in the South American jungles where vast areas are still so little known that a curious man is tempted to wander too haphazardly.

Today, however, the treasure I hunt is no longer polecat skin. It is made up of many different kinds—chickle and cassareep, the hides of capivara and anacondas and giant lizards, rare orchids, and such weird sounding things as *urali* poison, *hiari* root, *hiawa* gum and *balata* milk. Gold, diamonds, emeralds and oil are the premier treasures—and finding them constitutes the big moments of the march—but their discovery in this equatorial world of tangled swamps and gargantuan mountain escarpments is highly speculative. A man who makes his living as he goes—as I do—would soon go broke unless he found it possible to derive a steady income from other more constant byproducts.

Thus, as I go from the northern Caribbean coast southward, or from the twisting Amazon northward, I have come to concentrate on everything that can have any economic or commercial value—



Top, left: Boats on the rivers of Brazil and Guiana must station a negro like this at the bow. There he stands ready to fight the treacherous waters with his giant paddle and keep the boat always headed upstream

Top, right: At the base camp the Carib Indians greet the expedition. The Carib is chosen as hunter and guide because he is fearless and willing to lead the treasure hunt through territory occupied by other tribes

Center: "The Waterwagon," manned by 20-odd negro oarsmen, carries the expedition and its hundreds of pounds of supplies into the wilderness. At night the blacks camp ashore on board, while the whites camp ashore



Bottom: The giant canoes must be hauled over shallows. Fortunately cannibal fish usually haunt deeper waters, but the going is hard and often camp is made within sight of the previous day's resting place

by
William LaVarre

Photographs by William LaVarre.
Copyright 1934-35 by LaVarre
Brazilian-Guiana Expedition

Left: Mrs. LaVarre and carriers up to their necks in one of the swamps of the interior. These have to be crossed on foot, for the dense vegetation makes boating impossible

Right: When the expedition came to new rivers balloon boats were inflated, to the amazement and glee of the guides. These devices saved hours of hunting for raft timber

whether it be plant, animal or mineral. Sometimes this results only in much expensive sample-collecting — for example, barks or roots which I want to bring out for chemical analysis and experimentation. With each succeeding trip, however, this plan is resulting in better business for me. Each year finds me with a larger number of natives engaged in collecting those products which, brought out on some previous expedition, were found to have a cash value in civilization.

The valuable byproducts of jungle exploration are not so scarce as one might think. Old Kaimang, my First-Indian, once had a violent pain in his stomach. But he would not drink my white man's medicine. His companions went out into the forest and brought him the fruit of a *guaranambi* tree which he ground into a bitter paste and drank with water. The pain ceased. And thus came to civilization a new and very potent base for a pharmaceutical compound.

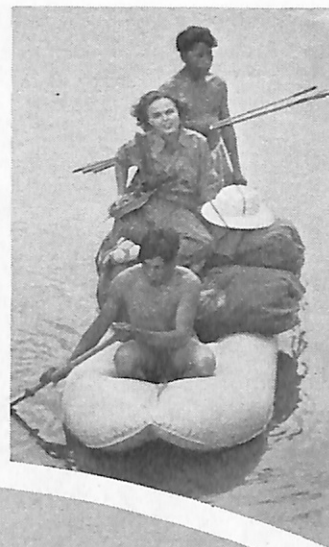
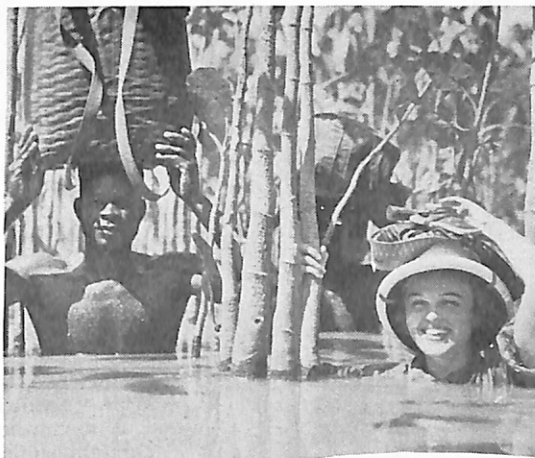
In a Waiwai village, lost in a volcanic valley that looked like a Maxfield Parrish landscape, there suddenly twinkled at twilight a multitude of bright lights. Swinging from each thatched house was a gourd of heavy liquid, burning brightly from a cotton wick. "Burning water!" the old chief said proudly. "We have plenty of it!"

Center, left: While valuable orchid bulbs were being packed in moss for shipment back to civilization, a \$300 bunch of the exquisite flowers was gathered and presented to "The White Mistress of the Expedition"

Center, right: The Great Kaieteur Falls, five times higher than Niagara, where the mighty waters come thundering down into the Potaro River gorge. The blacks are wearing giant native leaves as sun shades

In circle: A tarantula trapped by the "Death Lotus," a jungle flower that literally absorbs insects as its nourishment. The petals usually close around the victim, but here the venomous spider was too large and he escaped

Bottom: The LaVarres and some of their negro carriers resting on their climb from the lower jungles to the high interior pen-
plan. Thrills galore and incomparable scenery are encountered everywhere on such a trek





Plenty of it I should say oozing up from a subterranean seepage. Another new source of petroleum was noted upon a topographical map.

A group of Macusis Indians beat up the roots of *hiari* trees and threw them into the still water of a dammed stream. In a few moments fish came gasping to the surface. In a few moments more the fish were dead, and hungry Indians sat around a camp fire broiling them on sticks. "That's funny!" I said to myself. "That poison kills fish but doesn't harm the human beings who eat the flesh."

So I brought a bale of similar roots out of the jungle and turned them over to chemists. A virulent poison, they have reported—but curiously a poison that will kill fish and insects and not harm animals or humans! Have you ever had a fine dog die from licking arsenic-loaded flea powder, or a friend who became ill from eating arsenic-sprayed fruit? Well, we will try to fix that.

A man who concentrates his attention on the native inhabitants quickly learns many secrets which might otherwise escape him. The scientists in our laboratories do not yet know everything. Not one of them, for instance, has been able to discover a formula for hardening and tempering pure copper. Yet 300 years ago the primitive metalsmiths of the Andes knew how to make arrow and spear heads, knives and even razors out of native copper dug from rich Peruvian lodes. A white man who could have eavesdropped on their secret would have left behind him a great fortune for his



Top, left: *White men in the jungle might starve, but natives find the game plentiful. This hunter has bagged a pacca, deer, bush turkeys and maams. The pet pelican (left) is ready to join in the feast*

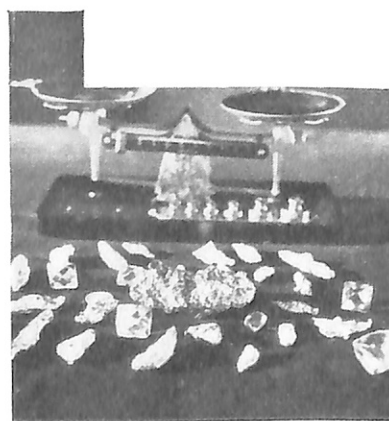
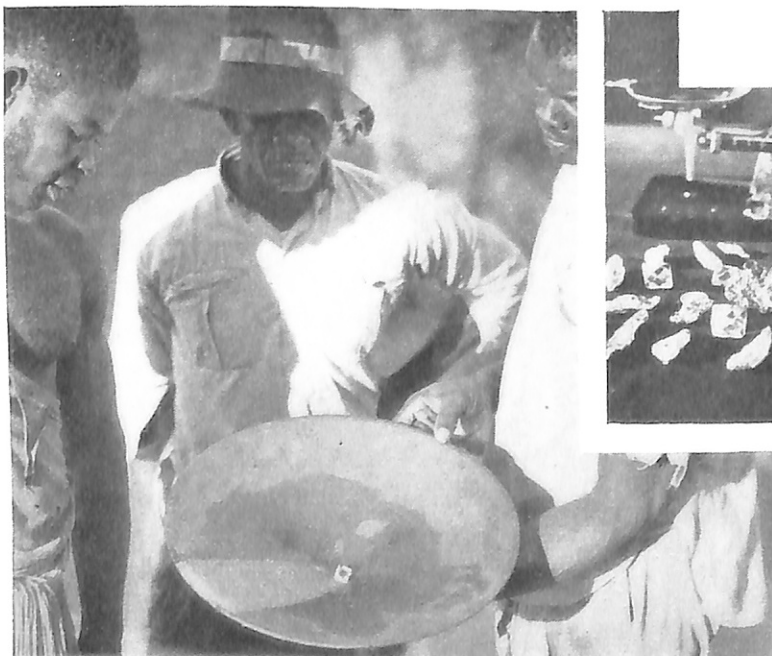
Top, right: *Ant bears are caught for their skins alone. Natives will not eat the flesh because they believe it will cause the growth of a two-foot tongue such as these queer animals have to hunt insects*

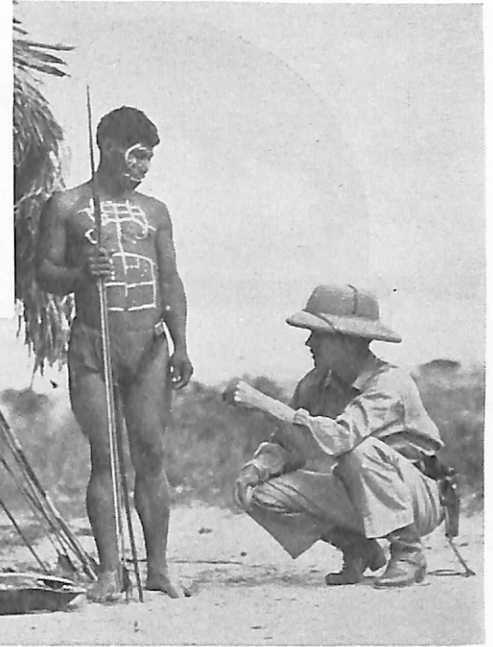
Center: *Negroes panning for river diamonds and gold. The earth is dug out into the water, where the blacks, pans in hand, wash away the gravel to uncover at times valuable golden nuggets and diamonds*

Bottom, left: *Often diamonds are found in perfect form, sparkling and with sharp edges. Such discoveries are greeted by the blacks with broad grins, for there's always a drink of gin in celebration*

Bottom, center: *Gold nuggets and rough diamonds which were the cream of one extensive jungle trip. The ten-cent piece at the left in the picture indicates the very considerable size of the treasures*

Bottom, right: *Mrs. LaFarre, waist deep in the river, inspecting a handful of diamonds panned after only a few hours' work. The prize of the collection is a magnificently preserved 31-carat gem*





Top, left: Mrs. LaVarre inspecting an electric eel, a creature that will not leave a victim until it is shocked senseless. Therefore, when a man falls overboard all jump in so as to disseminate the shocks

Top, center: A very young Jirubu stork making friends with Mrs. LaVarre. The nestling was tame, but when full grown these birds stand seven feet high. They are most dangerous when wounded

Top, right: The explorer's first job is to make friends with the Indians of the territory in which he plans to work. The Golden Rule and cigarettes usually turn the trick, and make the going decidedly easier

Center, left: Mr. LaVarre bartering with a native woman for the chicken she holds. In some of the villages men are scarce, so the day's labors fall on the capable shoulders of the tribes' girls and women

Center, right: Children of a primitive tribe cutting a casava cake, which provides the main sustenance in the jungle villages. It swells when mixed with water, so most native youths have bloated stomachs

Bottom: Seated on a turtle shell, Mr. LaVarre discusses the price to be paid girl porters. Such business must be carried on with the women of the White Indian tribe, the men of which disdain work



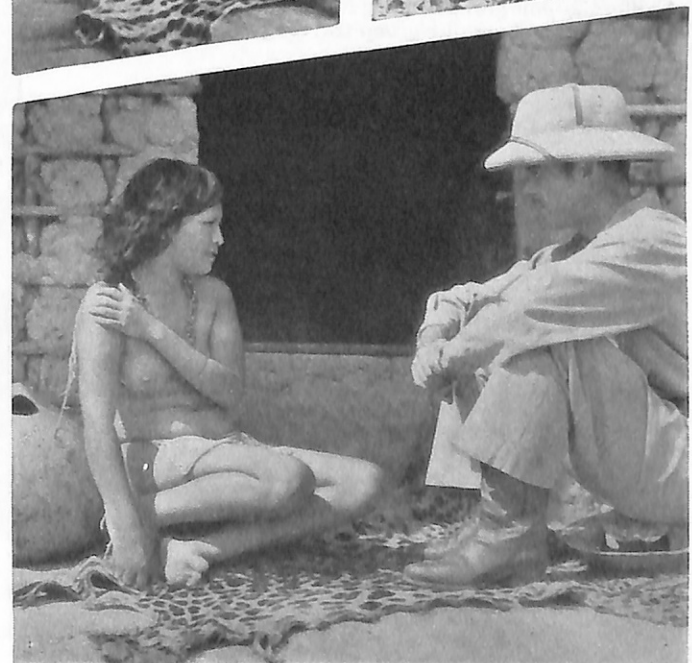
grandchildren. Some day I hope to emerge from one of my jungle journeys with this priceless secret.

When I enter new territory I make a base camp near the most important Indian village. No one watching me would think I had anything to do but laze around with any aboriginal gossip who cared to drop in for a few puffs of my strange cigarettes. But I am all eyes and ears. Not an article of community use escapes my study.

I note that this particular tribe burns lumps of tree gum under their hammocks at night—that the slowly flaming rosin is fragrant and that not a single mosquito seems to bother them, although they swarm around my own hammock net. Good. We collect some of this gum and bring it out to the microscopes and test tubes of civilization. Today, just as I started writing this article, a man wanted to know how much of this gum I could sell him during the next five years. His company makes an electrical mosquito repeller, but the compound which he has been using is distasteful to the human sense of smell and not sufficiently repellent to insects.

But it is not all smooth sailing and there are many wild goose chases. The hardest month I ever spent was caused by an Indian who told me quite casually that he knew where there were diamonds as big as my head. I had pulled out a few rough diamonds panned from nearby creeks as I was tracing the diamondiferous flow of alluvial gravel. Showing them to him I suggested that I would give him some nice trade goods for similar objects.

(Continued on page 46)



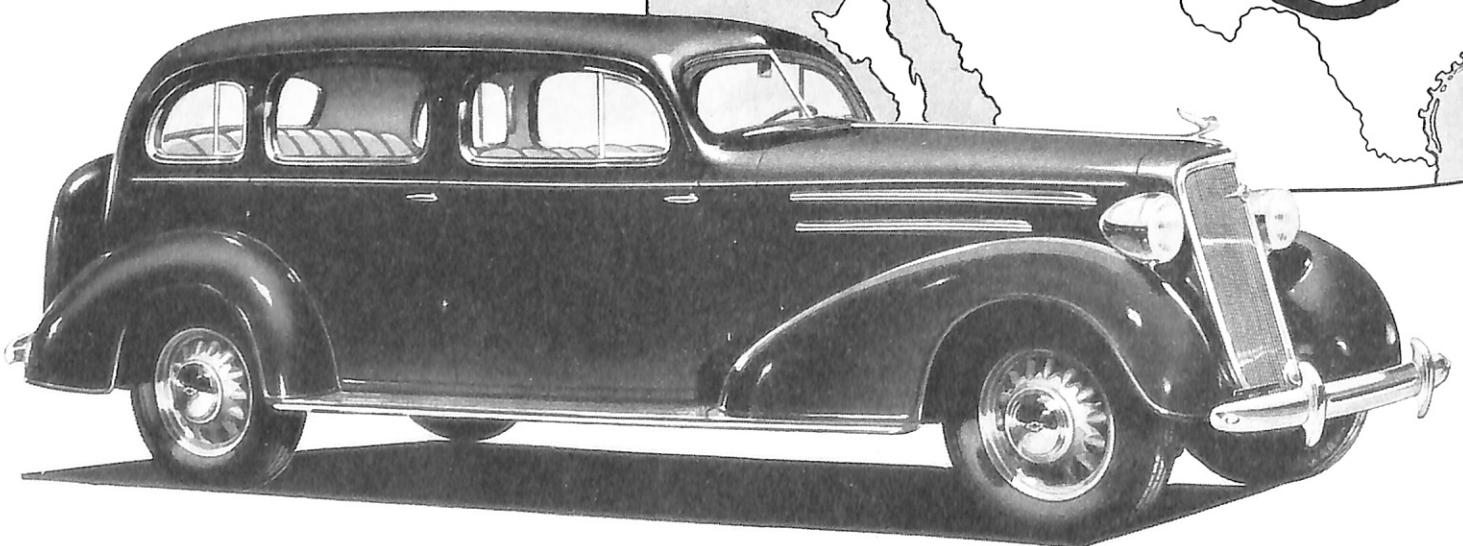


JOSEPH T. FANNING, *Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Editor and Executive Director of the Elks Magazine*

EIGHT NEW CHEVROLETS PURCHASED BY THE ELKS MAGAZINE TO CIRCLE THE NATION

Carrying the official invitation to attend the Elks Grand Lodge Convention at Columbus, Ohio, in July, eight new Chevrolets start their mission of Good Will on May 25. Two Chevrolets—a Master De Luxe sedan and a New Standard phaeton—depart from Lowell, Mass. A similar unit of Chevrolets begins the trek from Miami, Florida. Two more units of Chevrolets leave from Sacramento, California—one group heading for Columbus via the Pacific Northwest, and another group traveling to the convention via the Pacific Southwest.

"WE CHOSE
to be on schedule, to enjoy
on gas, oil and maintenance



CHEVROLETS FOR 1935—

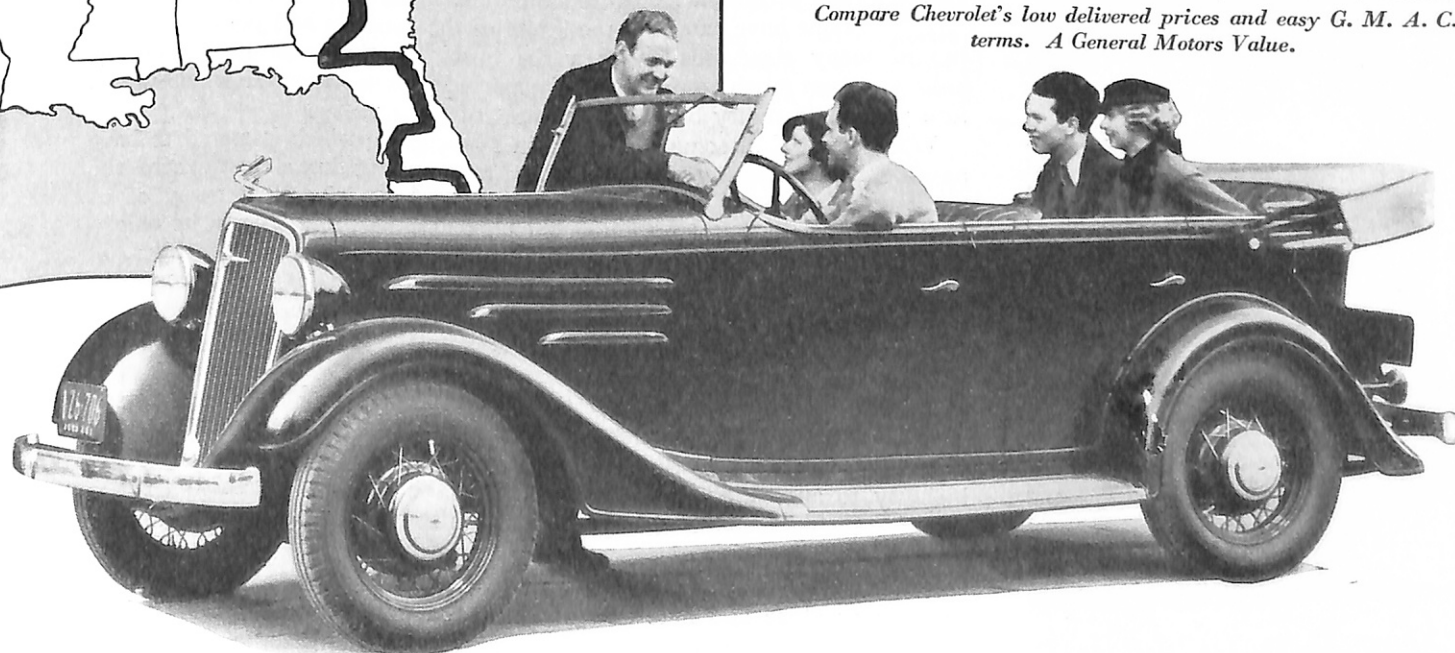
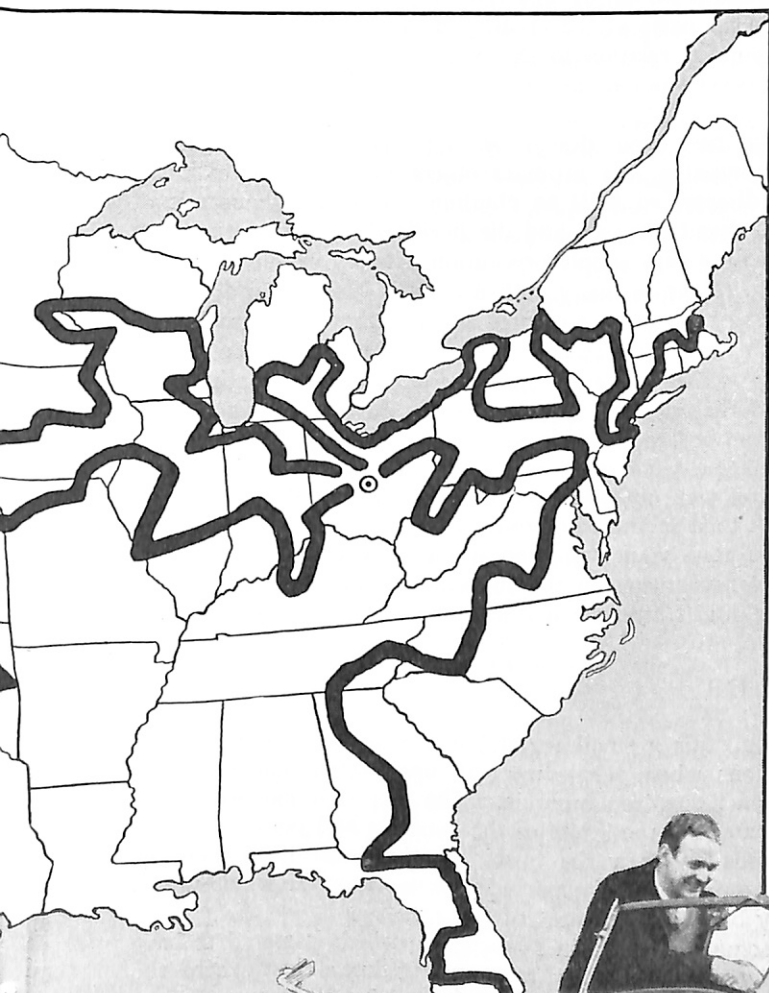
by every mile of the long route, and to save
 nce cost."

**JOSEPH T. FANNING, Past Grand Exalted Ruler
 and Editor and Executive Director
 of the Elks Magazine**



"The route and time schedule of The Elks Magazine Good Will Tour this year constitute a most severe test of the automobiles used," says Joseph T. Fanning. "The cars will travel more than 30,000 miles between May 25 and July 15—circling the nation on a strict schedule and over every type of road and highway. Taking long mountain grades and steep hills in stride—pushing through 'to the next reception committee,' meeting and conquering all the hazards of weather! I call that a real job for any car, no matter what its price. I am highly pleased that 1935 Chevrolets were chosen, because Chevrolet's well-known reliability, ruggedness, and all-round performance assure the Good Will Ambassadors freedom from delays. Also highly important is the operating and maintenance economy we will get from the famous Blue-Flame valve-in-head six-cylinder engine."

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
 Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C.
 terms. A General Motors Value.





EDITORIAL

CHILD HEALTH DAY

MAY DAY has a different meaning to different people and in different countries. It is the occasion for various celebrations and demonstrations. But in America, during the last twelve years, it has acquired a steadily growing significance in relation to the health of children; for it is on that date that those who have assumed leadership in the cause have sought to secure special consideration of child health.

This is not a movement which is fostered only by zealots or cranks. Thoughtful agencies in all parts of the country have united upon it as one having direct and important relation to the public welfare. It is a matter of peculiar interest to every parent as one affecting the well being of his own child.

This year the day has been designated for the special promotion of an anti-diphtheria campaign, the ultimate object of which is to stamp out this preventable disease, so fatal to children. Annually thousands of children die from this dread disease; and die needlessly, because they can be made immune to it by a very simple precaution if taken in due time.

Parents seem slow to recognize this established fact. Many who do recognize it fail to adopt the preventive measures because they think their own children are given such watchful care that little risk is involved. Yet a susceptible child may contract the disease despite the closest watchfulness. Immunization has proved the only effective safeguard. And even this may be too late when sought only after an epidemic has started.

The child health movement is one of such general interest, and the special objective this year is of such obvious importance, that it is deemed appropriate to call attention to it in these columns. Every member of the Order, particularly those who have young children whom they love and desire to protect, should give consideration to the movement and cooperate for its success. It is a matter of self interest; it is also one of community service.

A SMALL WORLD?

THE expression, "it's a small world," is one of such frequent use, upon occasions when people meet in unexpected places, that it has become a recognized bromide. The fact that modern inventions have extended the limits of the contacts and personal activities of many thousands is often the basis for the same expression, as indicating how much more completely man's interests cover the whole world. And yet it is a pretty big world to most of us.

When we read of some happening in Manchukuo which is stated to have possible international significance, how many of us know just where the event occurred, or what the suggested significance is? How many of us know what character of government China now has, and who is its official head? How many of us can name the Central American Republics, in which our own country has a peculiar interest—much less their respective capitals? How many of us can name the islands in the Hawaiian group, which is under our flag; or correctly designate the location of Puerto Rico; or tell where Guam is?

This is not a mere list of questions to test one's intelligence. A person may be extraordinarily intelligent, even well educated, without being able to score a very high mark on such tests. They are suggested because our inability to answer all of them, accurately and fully, will remind us that it is not such a small world upon which we live; and that there is a very large part of it about which we know very little.

It would, perhaps, be quite surprising to most of us if we would examine an atlas or globe and note how much of the world there is of which we know practically nothing, even from our reading—which is, of course,

second hand. Indeed, the great majority of people have real knowledge of only the limited area in which they move and have their business and social contacts. And this is likely to be true for long years to come, despite the increasing speed and convenience of transportation and the development of our facilities for communication. The different peoples of the world, their mental and physical attributes, their agricultural and commercial products, and their modes of life, are not likely to change materially.

It isn't such a small world after all.

ELECTIONS AT HAND

THE annual elections of officers in the subordinate Lodges are again at hand. In almost every instance they involve a change in the official leadership of the Lodge. A new administration assumes control. Entirely new policies may be adopted. These are matters of such importance that they should insure active interest on the part of the entire membership.

Unfortunately such a general interest is not always displayed. The election is too often left to the faithful few who attend the meetings and give attention to Lodge affairs. How frequently it happens, after an election, that a member will ask one of these faithful few, "Whom did *you* elect Exalted Ruler?" Such an inquirer does not, even in his own thoughts, include himself among the responsible electors. He leaves the duty to others.

The constant reiteration of the statement that this indifference should not exist, but that every member should recognize his responsibility to take part in the elections, may seem to be a useless repetition of the obvious. But the continuance of the conditions justifies the continued effort to improve them.

If this comment shall prompt only one member in each Lodge to a higher conception of his fraternal duty in the premises, it will prove well worth while. That result would mean one more Elk in each Lodge won to the display of renewed interest; and this will likely lead to a continued interest on their part in Lodge affairs generally.

It is with such a hope that the reminder is repeated here. Elections are at hand, and each member should participate in those held in his own Lodge.

KEEP LOOKING AT THE GOOD

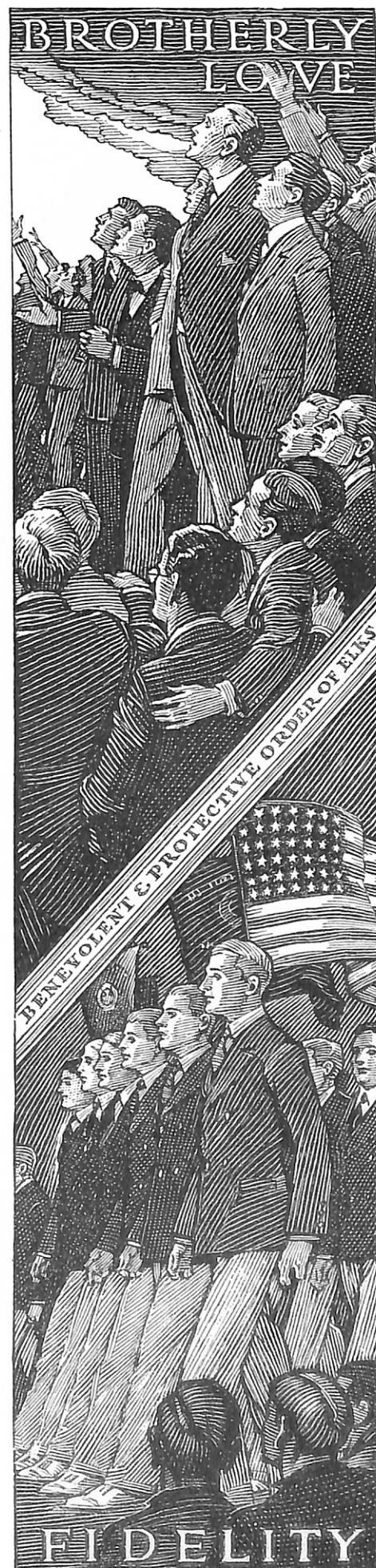
IF you stand before a picture whose general excellence strikes you, but which contains one detail which seems to you to be poorly drawn or badly colored, you do not thereafter let that one feature destroy your pleasure in the whole effect. If you read a book which is admirably written and which you appreciate and enjoy, but which portrays one character in a manner which you regard as unconvincing, or out of accord with the general plan, you do not thereafter measure the work by its one defect. You retain your appreciation of its merits.

Yet how frequently a single personal attribute is permitted to govern one's estimate of an individual who possesses many splendid traits of character.

No one is perfect. Each one of us has some trait, some habit, some peculiarity, which may be regarded as a fault, and which may grate upon the sensibilities of our associates. There is likely to be more than one such irritant in our respective make-ups. But such faults control our attitudes toward their possessors only when we persist in looking too intently at them and shutting our eyes to the many qualities which command respect and affection.

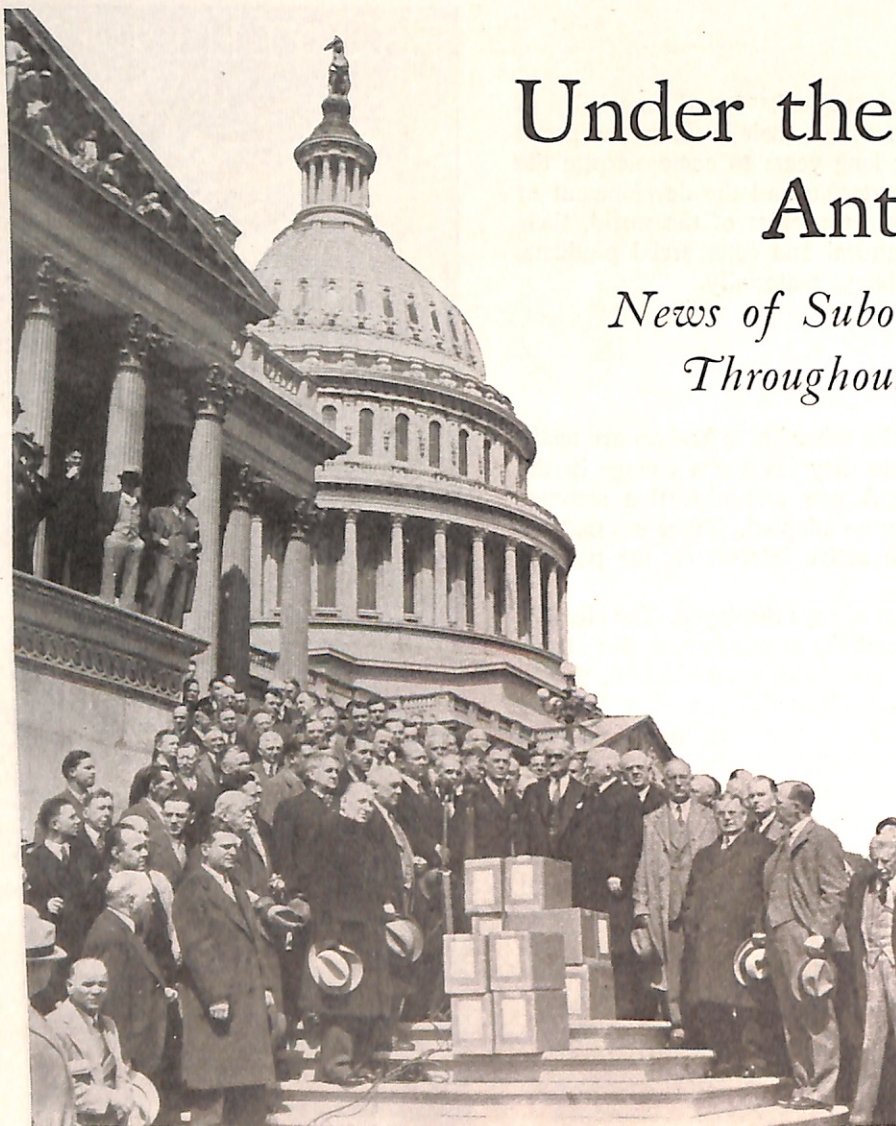
Brotherly Love, as an Elk virtue, prompts a member not only to look for the good in a brother but to keep looking at it when it is found, as it assuredly will be; so that the fraternal attitude may not be unduly affected by the inevitable discovery that the brother also has some faults.

A friend has been well defined as one who loves us even though he knows all our vices. He is able to do this only because he keeps looking at our virtues inscribed on the tablets of his love, and really writes our faults on the sands which retain no permanent impression of them. A true Elk is such a friend to all his brothers.



Under the Spreading Antlers

*News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order*



The Pro-America Petitions Are Presented

Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon addressing the 299 Elk members of the Senate and House of Representatives as he presented the petition, bearing hundreds of thousands of signatures, advocating his eight-point anti-communist legislative program.

Vice-President John N. Garner, who responded for the Senate, and Speaker Joseph W. Byrns, who replied for the House, may be seen behind the petitions. This impressive ceremony was held on the steps of the Capitol on March 26

Grand Exalted Ruler at Meeting of Columbus, O., Lodge

The mid-March meeting of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, was the best attended of any in recent years. Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was present, having come to Columbus to meet with the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, and staying over for the Lodge session and initiation. Many of the officers of the Ohio State Elks Assn., as well as representatives from 15 Lodges of the State, were present.

Mr. Shannon was well pleased with the progress which has been made in arranging for the Convention and with the program that was outlined for him. He was especially delighted with the singing of the Columbus Elks Chorus, whose members rendered for his benefit a number of the selections they will sing during the Grand Lodge Reunion in July.

C. W. Wallace, Secy.

State Secy. Theodor Benfey Mourned by Wisconsin Elks

The recent death of Theodor Benfey, aged 63, a prominent member of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, and Secy. of the Wis. State Elks Assn., was a great shock to his community. Mr. Benfey, widely known throughout legal, fraternal and political circles of the Middlewest, passed away at Memorial Hospital, Sheboygan.

Although Mr. Benfey was active in the legal profession up to the time of his fatal illness, he found time for many other in-

Wide World

Acme

Right: The petitions were delivered by members of Washington, D. C., Lodge. Vice-President Garner, Speaker Byrns and Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Masters are standing to the right of the boxes



terests. His record of service in numerous fields was exceptional for its diversification and consistency. He was a former State Senator, Dist. Attorney of Sheboygan County, Alderman of the First Ward and Court Commissioner.

As an Elk Mr. Benfey held an unusual record, both in Sheboygan Lodge and in the State Association. He joined No. 299 as a charter member in 1895 and was Secy. of the Lodge in 1901, E.R. in 1902, and again Secy. from 1911 to 1921. From the time of his affiliation he was a loyal member of the Lodge, attending all important functions and serving on various committees. His first election to office in the State Assn. came when he was named as Vice-Pres. In 1911 he was elected State Secy. and served in that capacity continuously until the time of his death, save for one term, 1920-21, when he held the office of Treas.

Impressive funeral services were held at Mr. Benfey's home in Sheboygan, with members of the legal profession, his fraternal associates, and past and present members of the State Legislature in attendance. The services opened with a prayer by the Rev. Father William Elwell, after which representatives of the State Elks Assn. took charge of the ceremonies. State officers and others who conducted the Elks Ritualistic Services follow: Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Charles E. Broughton; State Pres. Myron E. Schwartz; State Chaplain the Rev. Father Henry Halinde; State Trustee Arthur J. Geniesse; Past State Pres.'s William F. Schad and Chauncey Yockey, and E.R. Jacob Federer of Sheboygan Lodge.

Father Halinde delivered the funeral oration at the residence. Following the services the Elks concluded their ceremony at the grave in Wildwood Cemetery.

Order Mourns Past Grand Trustee Charles F. J. McCue

The recent death of former Grand Trustee Charles F. J. McCue came as a severe shock to the membership of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, of which he was a distinguished and important member. His fellow members feel his passing keenly.

Mr. McCue was a life member of Cambridge Lodge, and had served as Exalted Ruler, later becoming a District Deputy of the Mass. Central District. His term as Grand Trustee of the Grand Lodge ran from 1918 to 1923, during the last year of which he was Chairman of the Board. As a Grand Trustee, he rendered conspicuous service in connection with the building of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

Among his activities outside Elksdom, Mr. McCue was a Trustee of the Municipal Hospital, and served on the School Committee of Cambridge. He was at one time football coach of the old Cambridge Manual Training School, now Rindge Tech. At a meeting of Cambridge Lodge, held February 6, in memory of Mr. McCue, a glowing eulogy was delivered by the Hon. John P. Brennan, P.E.R., and Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.

*J. J. Hourin, Secy.,
Mass. State Elks Assn.*

Madison, Wis., Lodge Warns Order Against Jack P. Spafford

Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, reports that it is in receipt of a letter from Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, containing the information that Jack P. Spafford, a former

member, had incurred a bill for room rent, cigarettes and telephone calls, and had then disappeared without settling his obligation or surrendering his room keys. Spafford is carrying a white membership card, No. 667, issued Jan. 24, 1934, showing dues paid to April 1, 1934. No other card has ever been issued to him. Madison Lodge requests any Lodge encountering him to take up his card as he was suspended from membership for non-payment of dues on Oct. 1, 1934.

E. J. Reese, Act. Secy.

Ill. E. Cent. Dist. Lodges Hold Inter-Lodge Relations Meeting

The East Cent. Dist. of Ill. opened its Inter-Lodge Relations program recently with a duck dinner held at La Salle. Eight of the 10 Lodges of the District were represented, with State Vice-Pres. Harry P. Miller presiding. A complete program of Inter-Lodge Relations for the entire District was instituted and the various sub-Chairmen appointed. The program includes inter-Lodge visits, dances, stags and bridge, bowling and ping pong tournaments. Visitors from the N.E. Dist. included Frank P. White, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Commission of Ill., State Secy. John S. Owen, and Stanley Nelson of Waukegan Lodge.

*Bede Armstrong, Correspondent
Waukegan Lodge*

Grand Lodge Officers at Sullivan, Ind., Lodge

A crowd estimated at 300 attended a session of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, to pay tribute to Grand Secretary J. Edgar

Masters of Chicago; Hinkle C. Hays, of Sullivan Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and D.D. Wilbur V. Glover of Bedford. Mrs. Masters accompanied the Grand Secretary, and was a guest at the Hays home. The Grand Lodge officers were the special guests of the Lodge and the affair prepared in their honor was the largest and most successful staged by No. 911 in many years.

A class of 16 candidates, designated as the "J. Edgar Masters Class," was initiated by the Ritualistic Team of Sullivan Lodge and a special musical program was presented by the Lodge's orchestra. Prior to the ceremonies, a dinner was given for the distinguished visitors, and the officers and P.E.R.'s of the host Lodge. The Elks Band played during the dinner hour and then headed a parade to the Lodge Home.

At the regular session short addresses were delivered by Mr. Hays and Mr. Glover. Mr. Hays, who presided, then introduced Mr. Masters who delivered the principal speech of the evening. A telegram from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning was read. Mr. Fanning called attention to the fact that the date of the meeting was also that of his birthday and he was glad to extend his best wishes to the Lodge and its visitors on the occasion. A Committee was named to send a telegram of felicitation to Mr. Fanning.

A social session and luncheon were held later in the Club rooms. Delegations from several Lodges attended the meeting, among them being Elks from Robinson, Ill., and Terre Haute, Martinsville, Indianapolis and Bicknell, Ind.

R. P. White, P.E.R.

The Order Mourns Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy

JAMES F. DUFFY, Grand Treasurer of the Order of Elks, and a distinguished member of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, died on Tuesday, April 2, at his home after an illness of several months, in his 65th year. He was a lifelong resident of Providence.

Born on June 25, 1870, Mr. Duffy was the son of Patrick and Mary (Rogers) Duffy. He graduated from La Salle Academy in 1884 and two years later completed a business course at Bryant-Stratton College. Engaged in business for himself until 1919, he had been in retirement for the last decade and a half.

Providence Lodge presented Mr. Duffy as a candidate for election to the high office of Grand Treasurer in 1932, and at the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, Ala., of that year he was elected.

Mr. Duffy's career in the Order is a story of admirable service and loyalty. He became a member of Providence Lodge in 1907. In 1910 he was elected Est. Lect. Knight, in 1911 Est. Loyal Knight, in 1912 Est. Lead. Knight, and in 1913 Exalted Ruler. He served as Lodge Treasurer from 1914 to 1916, and in 1914 he also represented his Lodge at the Grand Lodge Convention held in Denver, Colo. Even as early as 1913 his record of service was so deeply appreciated by Providence Lodge that he was made a life member in token of his sustained efforts for its well-being.



In 1923 Mr. Duffy was elected Trustee of his Lodge to fill an unexpired term of two years. He was reelected Trustee in 1925, in 1928 and again in 1931. For many years he was Chairman of the Board of Trustees. He was appointed District Deputy for Rhode Island by Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor in 1916, and in 1919 Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain appointed him a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. At the Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago in 1920 he was elected Grand Est. Loyal Knight, and at the following Convention in Los Angeles, Grand Est. Leading Knight. In 1932 he was made Grand Treasurer, was re-

elected at Milwaukee in 1933 and again at Kansas City in 1934. He was serving in that capacity at the time of his death.

Mr. Duffy is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mary T. Duffy, and a son, James F. Duffy, Jr. The funeral was held at his home, with a solemn high requiem mass at Sts. Peter and Paul Cathedral. Delegations of Elks from all sections of New England gathered with representatives of national officers of the Order and with State and City officials to pay a last tribute. Several hundred members of Providence Lodge formed a guard of honor at the Cathedral. Burial took place in St. Francis Cemetery, Pawtucket, where the Elks Burial Ritual was read by national officers and officers of Providence Lodge.

Among those present to pay honor to Mr. Duffy's memory were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Michael J. Kelliher, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Judge Martin J. Cunningham, Past Grand Est. Leading Knight; Edward W. Cotter, former Grand Trustee; Michael H. McCarron, Past Grand Tiler; John E. Hurley, Past Dist. Deputy and former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and many District Deputies and Past District Deputies.



Speakers and Committee in charge of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon to Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge No. 36 on that occasion. They are, front row left to right: Arthur Dearden, P.E.R. and Trustee of New York Lodge; Mayor Jasper McLevy, of Bridgeport, Edw. F. Nevins, Secy. of No. 36; Mr. Shannon. Back row, left to right: Henry Greenstein, Daniel F. W. Hickey, Clifford B. Wilson, P.E.R. of No. 36; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Dr. Philip J. McLaughlin, P.E.R. of No. 36, and George Ferrio, Jr.

Pa. Elks Attend Rally at New Castle Lodge

Close to 500 members of almost 30 Elk Lodges in the N.W. Pa. Dist. Assn. and points outside, met at New Castle, Pa., recently and participated in the fifth annual roundup and reception to Grand Lodge and State officers. From noon until past midnight the visitors were kept busy. Chartered buses and auto caravans brought the various delegations.

The greater part of the afternoon was spent in informal meetings and social gatherings. A banquet was held at six o'clock at The Castleton Hotel in honor of Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener of Pittsburgh and Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia, both of whom addressed the diners. J. A. Gormley, Pres. of the Dist. Assn., introduced by E.R. C. Leroy Hughes, presided as Toastmaster. Remarks were also made by Pres. Scott E. Drum, Vice-Pres. Frank J. Lyons and Chaplain the Rev. M. F. Bierbaum, all of the Pa. State Elks Assn.

Immediately following the banquet the 60 guests joined the huge throng of Elks assembled in the Home of New Castle Lodge, No. 69, for an initiation ceremony which was the highlight of the program. A class of 84 candidates was formally inducted into the Order in a session at which E.R. Hughes and his staff of officers officiated. The principal addresses were delivered by Mr. Tener, Mr. Grakelow and Mr. Drum. The evening was filled with many activities important to the Order in Pennsylvania. A buffet lunch was served in the grill room.

Among the prominent Elks who attended the rally were Francis T. Benson, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; D.D. John T. Lyons; State Trustee C. O. Morris; Past State Pres.'s John F. Nugent and George F. J. Falkenstein; P.D.D.'s Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Walter C. De Arment, Robert R. Risher, and J. G. Bohlander; F. L. Bensinger, Secy. of Franklin Lodge, and George W. Wolf of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge.

Among the Lodges represented were Hillsboro, O.; Atlantic, Ia., and the Pa. Lodges

of Sharon, Franklin, New Castle, Greenville, Butler, Meadville, Warren, Bradford, Titusville, Rochester, Oil City, Beaver Falls, Corry, Ambridge, Coraopolis, Woodlawn, Ellwood City, Grove City, Apollo, Kittanning, Leechburg, Allegheny, McKeesport, Braddock, New Kensington, Williamsport, Wilkesburg and Harrisburg.

*William Welker, Correspondent,
Williamsport Lodge*

John E. Hurley of Providence Lodge No. 14 Appointed Grand Treasurer

Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon has announced the appointment of John E. Hurley, of Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14, as Grand Treasurer to fill the unexpired term of the late James F. Duffy who, as announced elsewhere in this issue, died recently at his home in Providence.

Mr. Hurley is a distinguished member of Providence Lodge and a Past Exalted Ruler. He was appointed District Deputy for Rhode Island in 1921 and served as a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee in 1926-27.

Dedication Anniversary Observed by Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge

The 25th Anniversary of the dedication of the Home of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312, was observed recently with a dinner served to 400 members and their guests, including two Grand Lodge officers, and a program of speakers. The Grand Lodge officers were Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, and former Grand Treas. Lloyd R. Maxwell, a member of the Board of Grand

Trustees. Mr. Maxwell was E.R. of the Lodge at the time the Home was built.

During the dinner, which was served by the ladies, a program of music was presented. E.R. F. H. Har, who presided, introduced Roy L. Pell who acted as Toastmaster. Mr. Masters spoke on the aims and purposes of the Order and the scope of its humanitarian projects. Mr. Maxwell's talk was reminiscent. In an entertaining way he recalled to many of the older members happenings of a quarter century ago.

Among the other speakers were D.D. John H. Gibson; P.D.D. Dr. J. A. Walser; P.E.R. F. E. Northup, who was one of the members of the Committee in charge of the building plans 25 years ago; Mayor G. W. Darling; former Mayor A. C. Conaway; C. H. Kemler, and E.R. Oliver H. Garland of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge.

The members and guests enjoyed a social hour after the speeches. The celebration will be long remembered as one of the most outstanding events in the history of the Lodge.

Frostburg, Md., Lodge Initiates 18

A red-letter night in the history of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, occurred when a class of 18 candidates was initiated, bringing to a total of 61 the new members gained by the Lodge during the past year under the leadership of E.R. John J. Hafer. A good sized delegation was present from Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63. A buffet lunch was served directly after the ceremonies and a social session followed at which the best of fraternal feeling prevailed.

D. E. Shaffer, P.E.R.

Gov. La Follette of Wis. Joins Madison Lodge

An outstanding event on the calendar of Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, occurred recently when the Hon. Philip F. La Follette, Governor of Wisconsin, was initiated at the head of a class of 41, one of the largest in the recent history of the Lodge. The class included, in addition to the Governor, Chief of Police William H. McCormick of Madison, and D. J. Minahan of the Wis. Highway Commission, and many well-known business and professional men.

The initiation was a feature of P.E.R.'s Night. D.D. Frank W. Koenig made the evening the occasion of his official visit to Madison Lodge. The P.E.R.'s conducted the initiation. Both the Governor and Mr. Koenig spoke. Many prominent members of the Order was present on the occasion, among them Judge W. J. Conway, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; D.D. Walter B. Chilsen and P.D.D. Frank P. McAdams.

Sidney M. Schoyen, E.R.



Julius C. Edelstein

Sidney Schoyen, E. R. of Madison, Wis. Lodge; Governor Philip La Follette of Wisconsin, who was recently initiated into the Lodge; Oswald Neesvig, proposer of Governor La Follette; and George Sayle, P.E.R. who conducted the initiation

Westfield, N. J., Lodge Wins Ritualistic Contest

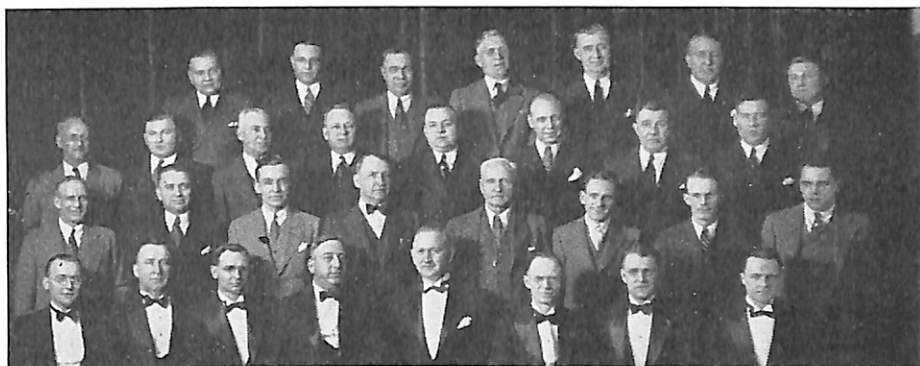
A delegation comprised of officers and members of Westfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1585, recently journeyed to the Home of Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454, for the State Ritualistic Finals Contest. Competing against the Lodges of Mount Holly, Nutley and Hoboken, Westfield Lodge won State honors, although only $\frac{1}{2}$ point separated the scores of all four Lodges. The winning score was 99.84. In winning the Central Dist. Championship, Westfield Lodge had the distinction of turning in the highest mark of any of the 62 Lodges in the State of New Jersey. The Lodge will hold the State Cup for the coming year, and also gains permanent possession of a handsome plaque.

An important event celebrated by No. 1585 was the homecoming of State Vice-Pres. Herbert B. Gould, who is in charge of the Ritualistic work of the Lodge. The Home was well filled with prominent Elks, among them State Pres. Richard P. Hughes; State Vice-Pres.'s Harvey E. Harris, Albert O'Hare and Nelson A. Pomfret; D.D. Edward L. Grimes; Past State Pres.'s George L. Hirtzel, John H. Cose and Charles Wibiralski, and many other past and present officers of the New Jersey branches of the Order.

News of Delaware, O., Lodge

The charity fund coffers of Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76, were recently enriched by several hundred dollars when the receipts from a minstrel show and revue sponsored by the Lodge Glee Club were poured into them. The cast of the show included more than 100 persons, both Elks and non-Elks. The performance was presented in the Willis High School and was directed by John Hutchings of the John B. Rogers Producing Company. The officers of Delaware Lodge believe that the inclusion of non-members in the cast, as well as the charitable aim for the proceeds, will go far toward building good will for the Lodge.

Last winter the Lodge turned over a large portion of its charity fund to the Women's Christian Union Fund, to which it was the largest contributor. The money was used



SHAW STUDIO

The officers of Mankato, Minn., Lodge and candidates they initiated

to provide Christmas presents for indigent families and toys for poor children. In addition, the Lodge carried on its own charity work, which included the purchase of coal, food and other necessities for deserving persons.

On February 22, No. 76 observed the 57th Anniversary of its founding with the customary party at the Lodge Home.

Walter J. Campbell, Correspondent

Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge Praised for Patriotic Activity

Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, was recently commended by the Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce for the stand it has taken regarding the circulation of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's petition for signatures looking to the arrest of any citizen or alien advocating the overthrow of the Government. The Directors were pleased that the eight-point legislative program of the Elks, as contained in the communication, was along the lines of a pamphlet sent out by the trade body to its members.

J. G. Thumm, P.D.D.

Silver Anniversary Celebrated by Oregon City, Ore., Lodge

Oregon City, Ore., Lodge, No. 1189, celebrated its Silver Anniversary recently with a banquet and evening's entertainment. In preparing the celebration, the Lodge officers mailed invitations to all present members and also to those who had at one time been on the rolls. The resultant attendance was the largest ever witnessed by the Lodge. Of the 24 living charter members, 11 were present. Interest was so great that plans are being made to make the occasion an annual homecoming event.

F. H. McNulty, Correspondent

Quincy, Mass., Lodge Bows to P.E.R.'s

P.E.R.'s Night was celebrated by Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, recently, bringing out a large number of the older members. A buffet lunch was served. This thoroughly enjoyable affair was followed by vaudeville acts from the ERA, the program being provided by the State Administrator.

High Officials Honored at Frankfort, Ind., Lodge

Delegations from Lebanon, Tipton, La Fayette and other nearby Lodges participated in a meeting held by Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, in honor of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago; William C. Groebl of Shelbyville, Secy. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and Ollie M. Berry of Lebanon, D.D. for Ind. Cent. More than 200 members of the Order assembled in the Lodge room to witness the initiation of nine candidates by the all-State Champion Degree Team of Frankfort Lodge. The Team came in for many compliments for the thor-

oughness and impressiveness that characterized its exemplification of the Ritual.

Previous to the initiation ceremonies, a chicken dinner was served at two long tables in the basement dining room, recently equipped by the Lodge for such occasions.

A. R. Lucas, Secy.

P.D.D. Andrews of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, Initiates Son

For the second time within six months, Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1208, has enjoyed the rare pleasure of having a father initiate his son into the Order. At a recent meeting, E.R. C. E. Duff yielded his gavel to P.D.D. T. L. Andrews so that he might confer the Degree upon his son. The Lodge work, as well as the dutch lunch which followed the session, was enjoyed by a fine turnout of members.

Dr. C. E. Duff, E.R.

P.E.R.'s Night Observed by Ashland, Ore., Lodge

Ashland, Ore., Lodge, No. 944, recently observed its P.E.R.'s Night with a party which did much to stimulate the activity of the members. A large crowd was in attendance to see the P.E.R.'s preside over the regular session, and to partake of beer and refreshments. After the meeting a social session was enjoyed, during which the Elks joined in singing old-time songs to the accompaniment of the Elks Band.

Among the P.E.R.'s scheduled to sit in the chairs of office were H. C. Sparr, E. T. Staples, Dr. F. G. Swendenburg, J. M. Wagner, A. C. Nininger, D. Perozzi and A. G. Livingston. Five of them are charter members.

H. G. Enders, E.R.

Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge Celebrates 41st Birthday

Under the auspices of the Activity Committee, Atlantic City, N. J., No. 276, celebrated its 41st Anniversary by staging an Old Timers Night which was thoroughly enjoyed by members both old and young. At its regular meeting on March 20, the first hundred members whose names are now on the roster were honored and each was presented with an appropriate token in recognition of long and faithful service. The group included those in good standing who were initiated during the period of 1894-1911.

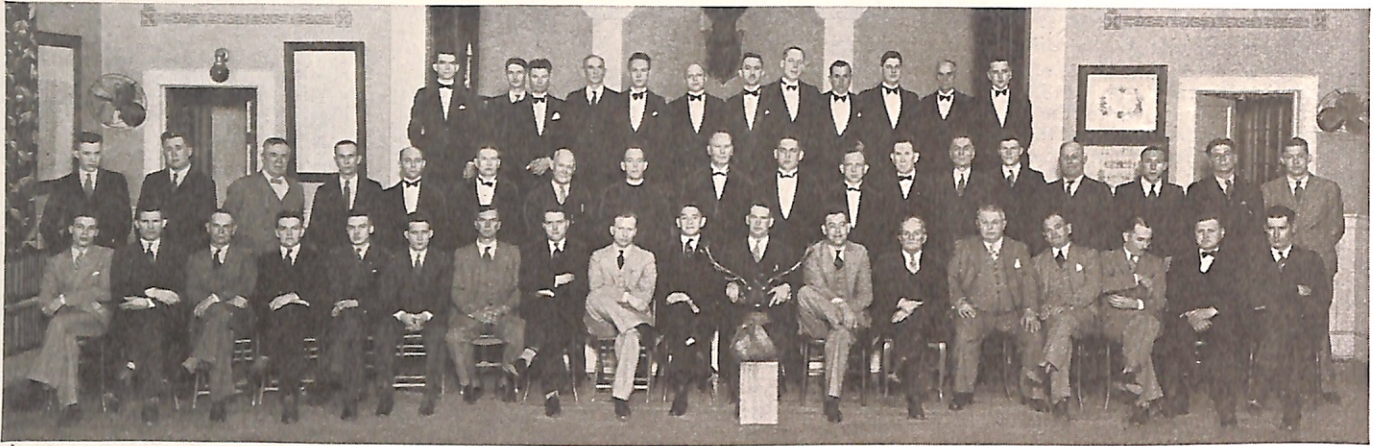
During the course of the evening Dr. Edwin H. Coward, E.R., called on various members for brief speeches, among them being P.E.R. Harold A. Brand; City Commissioner William F. Casey, Trustee, and Director of Public Safety William S. Cuthbert, who was initiated Oct. 26, 1904. Following the meeting a buffet supper was served in the attractive grill of the Lodge Home. Atlantic City Lodge has occupied its new Home on the Boardwalk for a year.

Harold L. Wertheimer, Est. Loyal Knight

(Continued on page 44)



Speakers at the dedication ceremonies held by Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge on Washington's Birthday, when Salt Lake City, Utah., Lodge visited Idaho Falls



A class initiated into Junction City, Kans., Lodge recently, with officers of Manhattan, Salina and Junction City Lodges in the background

Anderson

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central State Lodges

Officers of Southern Ohio Lodges Meet at Middletown

Officers of 14 Southern Ohio Lodges attended a recent meeting of the Rehabilitation Committee of the S.W. Dist., held at the Home of Middletown, O., Lodge, No. 257. The visitors were welcomed by E.R. John K. Maurer, Past State Pres. Ernst Von Borgen, Dist. Delegate from Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, presided.

Among the distinguished Elks who spoke at the meeting were James S. Richardson, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; D.D. Kent Browning; State Pres. William G. Campbell; State Treas. William Petri; P.D.D. Charles E. Buning; E.R. Jacob Krollmann, Jr., of Cincinnati Lodge, and P.E.R. L. T. Palmer of the host Lodge.

D. R. Jones, Secy.,
Middletown Lodge

Former Chaplain Mourned by Moline, Ill., Lodge

Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, mourns the loss of a revered and much-loved member, H. S. Fristoe, who was at one time Chaplain of the Lodge, and who was always ready, after giving up his office, to serve whenever the regular Chaplain was absent. In appreciation of the flowers sent to the funeral, the following letter was received by the Lodge from Mr. Fristoe's sister, Sidney Fristoe:

"I wish to thank the Moline Lodge of Elks for the beautiful spray of flowers with which they expressed their sympathy at the time of my brother's passing.

"The Elks Lodge and Club meant very much to him during his last years. He lived a strenuous business life for many years, every day being a strict routine that took every moment of his time and which was very interesting to him. After his retirement from the railway service, his life would have been very dull and uninteresting had he not worked out for himself another program in which he could carry out some activity which afforded him interesting occupation. I think his old friends at the Elks Club realize fully how he did this and how much the Club meant to him. It is a fine fraternal Order which can offer such companionship and comfort to its aging members, as well as congenial comradeship in the various activities afforded the younger and more vigorous ones. My brother always enjoyed the Elks Club and the Lodge with its fraternal and beneficent projects, and he was a faithful reader of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. He was especially pleased at the time of the rabbit supper, not so long ago, at being remembered.

"I am deeply grateful for the friendliness and kindness shown him during these last years."

Fred Graflund, Secy.

Yankton, S. D., Lodge Conducts Ping Pong Tournament

Yankton, S.D., Lodge, No. 994, recently sponsored an Elks Ping Pong Tournament with 45 entries. Two regulation tables were set up in the basement of the Home. They are now regularly equipped and in daily use. Dr. D. E. Wynegar, Organist of the Lodge, is Chairman of the Committee, and to him in a large measure goes credit for the success of the venture. Much interest was aroused during the tourney, which lasted two weeks, the finals being attended by a large gallery of enthusiastic fans.

The finals involved winning four out of seven sets, the matches leading up to the finals being three sets out of five. The finals were played between W. D. Alf and Chester R. Binder, the former winning four to two. A silver loving cup was presented to Mr. Alf. The event is to be made an annual one on the Lodge's calendar.

Secy. L. A. Reither, Correspondent

D.D. V. G. Croessmann Honored by Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge

Honoring D.D. V. C. Croessmann of Ill. South, Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge, No. 572, served dinner recently to 225 members and initiated a class of 17 candidates. The meeting was attended by the E.R.'s of Herrin, Carbondale, Du Quoin and West Frankfort Lodges. The South Dist. of Ill. has been coming to the front noticeably of late. The

Inter-Lodge Relations program serves to acquaint the Elks of the District with one another and results in an enthusiastic spirit of cooperation.

A. W. Lucier, Secy.

20-Year Members Entertained by La Crosse, Wis., Lodge

At a meeting attended by 150 Elks, La Crosse, Wis., Lodge, No. 300, entertained all of its members of 20 years' standing. D.D. Frank W. Koenig of Watertown was present on the occasion to make his official visit, and the affair was a huge success in every way. The 20-year roster contains many important names.

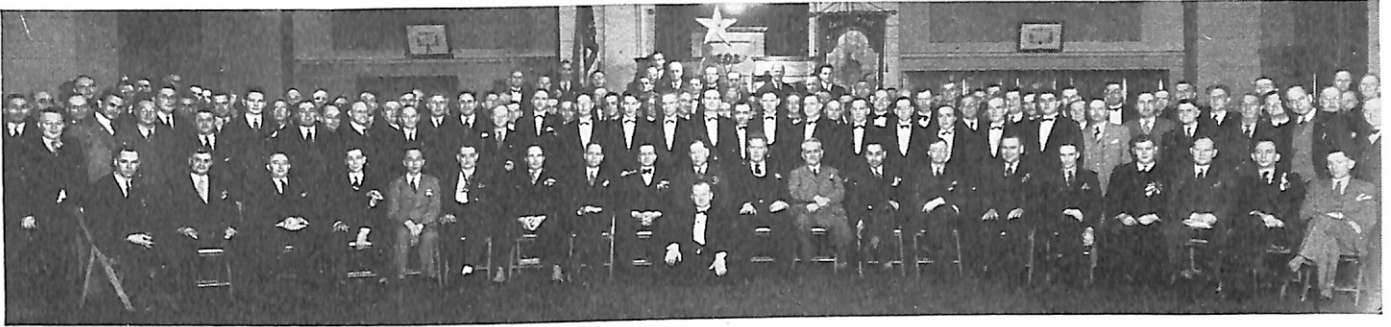
La Fayette, Ind., Lodge Holds P.E.R.'s Night

More than 200 were present when La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, held its Annual P.E.R.'s Night. Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters was the guest of honor. A dinner was given for the nine candidates who were initiated on that evening. Many visiting Elks from Frankfort, Logansport, Lebanon, Crawfordsville and Greencastle Lodges were present at the regular meeting.

A successful plan for creating interest in Lodge attendance has been developed in La Fayette Lodge. Prizes are donated by local merchants and interested members of No. 143. They are advertised in the Lodge bulletin and then awarded those who earn them by attendance in the Lodge room.



Participants in the "20 Year" party held by La Crosse, Wis., Lodge. The party, attended by more than 150 members, was a great success



Battle Creek, Mich., Elks who celebrated "Mayor Murphy Night" and witnessed the initiation of 20 candidates

Ohio N.W. Elks Meet at Tiffin, O., Lodge

More than 100 Elks from Northwestern Ohio Lodges gathered in the Home of Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94, for the annual meeting of the District Rehabilitation Committee of the Ohio State Elks Assn. Problems affecting the various Lodges were studied. E.R.'s, Secy.'s and Chair Officers were present and entered into the general discussion, and an interesting and well-rounded meeting was had.

The State Assn. was represented by Pres. William G. Campbell; Vice-Pres.'s Charles W. Casselman, Jack Lais and E. B. Le Sueur; J. C. A. Leppelman, Chairman, and George T. Roberts, member, of the State Rehabilitation Committee; C. F. Unckrich, Chairman of the State Membership Committee; and Charles J. Schmidt, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee. Among the speakers were D.D. O. J. Shafer; Mr. Leppelman; P.E.R. Dr. Hoyt B. Meader of Toledo Lodge; and P.E.R.'s Melvin C. Light of Lima Lodge, and Rushton D. Niles of Tiffin Lodge.

Charles J. Schmidt, P.D.D.

Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Anniversaries

Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, celebrated the 67th Anniversary of the founding of the Order and its own 41st Anniversary simultaneously with a party in honor of its P.E.R.'s, 14 of whom were present. A class of five candidates was initiated. The meeting was distinguished by the fact that 98 of the 127 members of the Lodge residing in Mount Vernon were present. After the meeting a song fest and buffet luncheon were enjoyed.

George S. Green, Secy.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Celebrates Birthday of the Order

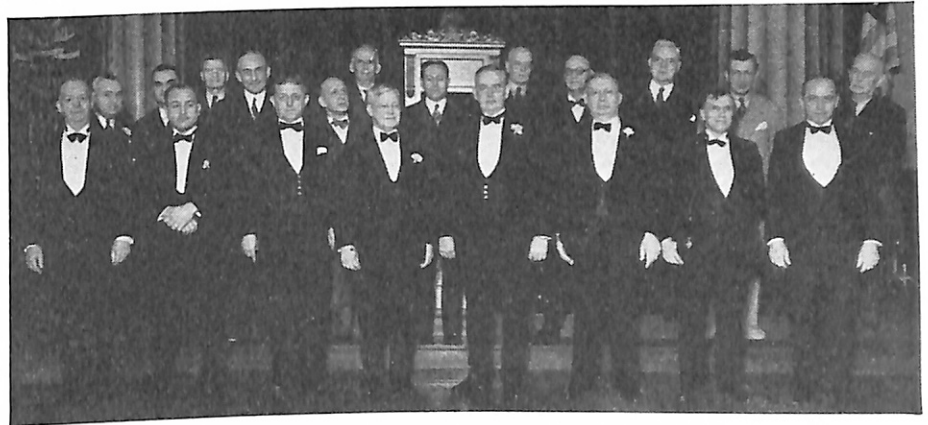
The 67th Birthday of the Order was celebrated by Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, in conjunction with P.E.R.'s Night. A class of 15 candidates was initiated. The P.E.R.'s officiated at the exercises, including the opening of Lodge, the initiation ceremonies, and the closing. P.E.R. Charles E. Buning,

up-state Lodges whose presence helped make the evening a great success.

*Ernst Von Borgen, Act. Secy.,
Past State Pres.*

63 Candidates Initiated at Willmar, Minn., Lodge

In the observance of its 30th Anniversary, Willmar, Minn., Lodge, No. 952, initiated



Past Exalted Rulers of Cincinnati, O., Lodge who were honored when the Lodge held a party in their behalf

P.D.D., presided. The Committee consisted of P.E.R.'s Milton Lowenstein, Chairman; Thomas J. O'Neill, D. Fred Frayser, Anthony Dunlap and J. G. O'Callaghan.

The work of the P.E.R.'s in exemplifying the Ritual was commended most highly by the 500 members present, and by the visiting Elks from Piqua, Hamilton, Middletown and

a class of 63 candidates, in addition to taking in several former members whose memberships had lapsed. At the conclusion of the first degree work, staged in the afternoon, a banquet was held at the Lakeland Hotel attended by 200 Elks. In the evening the second degree work was carried out in the Lodge room.

The Class was named in honor of the veteran Secy. of the Lodge, William O. Johnson, who has served continuously since its institution. The size of the Class is largely due to the efforts of E.R. E. J. Boomer, whose efficient leadership has done much to create the excellent condition in which Willmar Lodge finds itself.

Tom Carter, Correspondent

Great Bend, Kans., Lodge Host to Pratt Lodge

Great Bend, Kans., Lodge, No. 1127, was host to about 45 members of Pratt, Kans., Lodge, No. 1451, recently, at which time the officers of Pratt Lodge conferred the initiatory degree on a class of six candidates for their hosts. Great Bend Lodge, in the performance of its Acts of Friendship, is furnishing eyeglasses to a number of school children with defective vision.

Clyde E. Sterling, Secy.

More than 2,000 youngsters who were guests of Minot, N. D. Lodge at a circus performance. The circus, lasting a week, was sponsored by Minot Lodge for the benefit of its Crippled Children's Fund





Members and candidates who recently attended an initiatory meeting of Augusta, Kans., Lodge

Large Class Inducted into Augusta, Kans., Lodge

Augusta, Kans., Lodge, No. 1462, recently initiated 50 candidates in the largest class ever admitted into the Lodge. The members were honored on the occasion by the presence of Grand Est. Loyal Knight H. Glenn Boyd of Wichita Kans., Lodge, No. 427, who was accompanied by Jack Ringo, Roscoe

Fifty-three Candidates Initiated into Mattoon, Ill., Lodge

Mattoon, Ill., Lodge, No. 495, brought to a close an extended membership campaign with a ceremony which brought in 53 new members. The prize-winning Ritualistic Team of the S.E. District, that of Champaign Lodge, No. 398, initiated the class. Every Lodge in the District was represented and

Atlantic, Ia., Lodge Honors Its E.R.

In appreciation of his achievement in bringing in 80 new members and in paying the sum of \$3,000 to be applied on the Lodge's indebtedness, the members of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge, No. 445, have voted a life membership to E.R. Byron Jones. The motion to reward Mr. Jones was sponsored by C. S. Brown at a meeting and voted on by secret ballot. A large crowd was present.



Candidates initiated into Mattoon, Ill., Lodge and officers pictured with them

Hanna and Robert Quick, fellow members. Since April 1, 1934, Augusta Lodge has initiated 62 new members and reinstated 13, and at the time of writing had five additional candidates waiting for initiation.

*Richard W. Johnson, E.R.
H. O. Mangold, Secy.*

Pratt, Kans., Lodge Prepares for State Convention in May

Pratt, Kans., Lodge, No. 1451, has been busy for some time preparing for the reception and entertainment of delegates and visitors to the Convention of the Kans. State Elks Assn. to be held in Pratt May 12, 13 and 14.

Pratt Lodge is now in excellent financial condition and owns its Home free of debt. Twenty-six new members have been initiated during recent months and 21 former members reinstated. Activities in the Lodge Home are considered responsible for the noticeable pick-up in interest displayed by the membership. Under E.R. O. K. Stewart one of the best Degree Teams in the State has been developed. The Team is planning to make the trip to Columbus, O., in July to participate in the Grand Lodge Convention.

Forest E. Link, Secy.

Prominent St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge Elks who attended impressive unveiling ceremonies performed for a famous flag which was presented to them by an outstanding Elk. The flag, shown at right, was carried in the Battle of San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War

the attendance exceeded 200. The principal speaker of the evening was Col. J. C. Dallenbach, Past Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.

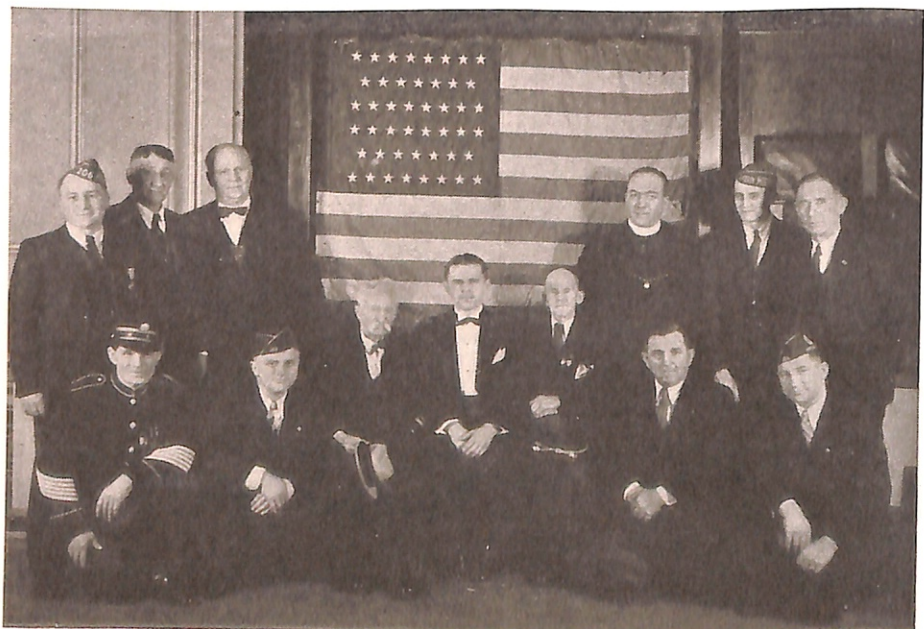
An Elks Luncheon Club, which meets twice each month, has been instituted by Mattoon Lodge. Guests are invited and the Club is meeting with marked success.

*Dr. A. A. Jaffe, Chairman,
Membership Committee*

Membership Gain Shown by Mendota, Ill., Lodge

Mendota, Ill., Lodge, No. 1212, brought 16 new members into the Order recently through the concerted efforts of the P.E.R.'s of the Lodge. Under the direction of P.D.D. D. M. Lotts, the 16 applications were written and presented to E.R. O. J. Ellingen as a special year-end gift to him, together with a certificate of appreciation for his services signed by each P.E.R. of the Lodge. On the occasion of the initiatory ceremony, Past Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, delivered a splendid address appropriate to the occasion. State Secy. John S. Owen was also present and spoke.

Mendota Lodge finds itself with approximately 400 members this year, representing a gain of 105% in membership over 1933, with another normal gain over 1934. One hundred and thirty of these members are in the Lodge's Bowling League which is made up of 26 teams. Even the ladies of No. 1212 bowl—30 of them.



Ogled by an Octogenarian?

light an Old Gold



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When an Amorous Antique can't take his aged glimmers off your silken "shapelies"... don't fry him to a frazzle. Brighten up... by lightin' up a honey-smooth Old Gold. These mellow-as-moonlight O.Gs have charms to soothe even the savage peeve.



AT TRYING TIMES TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

Paradise

(Continued from page 19)

and threw him on top of the load. Then we drove across the desert and up through the gap into Paradise Valley.

"Well, I wouldn't of known the place. You know spring and summer and autumn, on the desert, are crowded into a couple of weeks in April, every three or four years when it rains. The years in between are all sand and waiting, but now and then the desert blooms. This was blossom time in Paradise Valley.

"The first thing that hit us, that evening, was the sound of running water and it scared us. I thought I must have a touch of the sun. We drove towards the noise. It grew louder and then I saw the creek half full of water, running the sunset gold down towards the desert. It was clear water, sweet water, snow water that frost-bit your lips when you drank it and the mules kept sopping it up all day like beer. And by the jumping thunder, when I looked around Paradise Valley, I thought the whole place was underwater and the sunset reflecting in it, blue and yellow, and violet, and green you could look miles into, and plenty of red scattered by handfuls. Then I saw that gold was dripping off the lips of the cliffs and I knew that that must be *llovía d'oro* and that the color on the valley floor was no reflection but just the blooming of five springs and summers and autumns that were all being crowded into a pair of weeks. Well, sir, it was a thing that fed you without eating. It made you laugh like you were hearing funny stories. The four of us just looked at each other and laughed. That's all we done. We just laughed and laughed like a pair of fools. There was poppies and violets growing there in Paradise Valley, by God, and primroses, too, or I'm a liar, and baby-blue-eyes, and verbena, and every doggone thing and a lot what I wouldn't know the name of. And the mountains that was built so big to keep man from looking into that hell-pot, they were up there now to keep the rummies and the dummies and the fools from getting in and footmarking the floor of God's prettiest place on earth.

"Have we been hypnotized, or is it real?" said Jimmy.

"How does it look to you?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"It looks like a royal flush in a million dollar game," said Jimmy. "But where's the gal going?"

"Dolly Tucker had slipped off the wagon and picked her hands full of flowers and now she went walking away towards the sunset as though she had some place to go.

"She's just takin' a stroll back into the good old pioneer days," said I. "Come on and pitch camp."

WHEN I woke up the next morning I saw twenty little runs of water dropping over the cliffs into puffs of spray and the wind walked away with the shine of them; and the mules were remembering the desert and freezing themselves up to the knees in the creek and drinking; and I looked at George Wong and George looked at me and we just laughed. So did Jimmy, and then stopped and stared at Dolly. She was forgetting her coffee and just sitting there with her eyes wide open.

"We got up the camp in a right good place where the creek had filled up a hollow a quarter of a mile across with a little green island in the center looking at itself in the water. We had everything laid out and going fine, though we had to spend a lot of the time looking around because the ground was living under us and the air was alive, too.

There was birds to look at and birds to eat. There was a river of ducks and geese pouring down out of the sky to hit that water, and shags and divers and willet. There was magpies talking and blue jays sassing the little birds and bobolinks singing from the yuccas and redbreasted robins and blackbirds and mocking birds that sang till you tasted the music on the back of your tongue; but mostly there were the humming birds off the desert—winking around like patches of sunshine in rain—jumping into your eye and out—crowding five summers into two weeks and never missing a lick. And did we eat? Yes, we did eat! And just to make sure we had plenty of fresh mutton, a mountain sheep came out on the edge of a cliff and admired the valley and waited for me to drop him off his porch in the sky.

THEN one evening, about the right time, I heard a wasp drone over my head, but it was too high to be a wasp. So I looked up and saw a monoplane swimming in the sky like a goldfish in a gilded bowl. It came down not far from our smoke and out of it stepped Paradise and the pilot and a banker and a congressman and a civil engineer and just a plain damned rich man's son that was the best of the lot.

"They stood around as though they didn't see us. When they came into the camp, they were stepping high, wading through the color as though it were water knee deep.

"Doggone me if I'm not sort of ashamed of the things that those fellows met up with when they come into the camp. I mean, there was the ringing sound of an axe and the deep baritone voice of Chuck Chalmers—which I mean I could always sing a little, in those days. And when I see the strangers, I drop the axe and come to the folks in a doggone outright, manly way, with the flat of my doggone honest hand held out to them. And I make 'em welcome. Me and my party had just happened along and was camping in Paradise Valley, d'you see, when Paradise himself come down out of the sky with his airplane loaded with suckers.

"By the time the tenderfeet were getting located, there comes a yell out of the twilight and then the galloping hoofs of horses and here comes Jimmy, taller and nobler than anything outside of prison and the pioneer days, with a rifle balanced across the pommel of his saddle, and the quarters of a deer hitched onto it. And just ahead of Jimmy, sashayed Dolly Tucker in deerskins and innocence with her chin pointed at the evening star and her lovely golden hair—she put the gold on it out of a bottle every day—streamin' out over her shoulders.

"Now I want to tell you that the Easterners were already knocked pretty well cockeyed by the kind of things they'd found in my camp already—the smell of roasted duck being ace high among the effects—but when Jimmy and Dolly blew into the place carrying the spoils of the chase, as the banker called them, you better believe that they opened their eyes. They were hit so hard that they couldn't speak, hardly. I must say that Dolly Tucker and all that gold beside the camp fire was easy to look at. And her being simple and sweet was thicker than a knife could cut, but it went down like candy. I recollect her setting on the ground with her arms around her knees and her head thrown back, as she smiled up to the congressman and drank down the story of his life. Every man of the bunch of them wanted to pour some more of the same sort of brew for her. And I heard the banker say: 'I thought the rough beauty of the old

days was gone forever. But I was wrong. If this can be found in the West, then every man in the country ought to have a glimpse of a noble truth. In the fresh and clear air of the West, in the pioneer atmosphere of—er—of—'

"He bogged down about there but nobody noticed, because the engineer got under sail and made the talking for a while.

"In the meantime, I was passing dinner around to the guests, and talking very deferential to Paradise—and saying—while I shoveled three pounds of roasted duck onto the banker's plate, that Paradise was one of the most honest men on the range. I may burn an extra thousand years for having said that, all right. But all the while I was waiting for Paradise to start his selling talk. I'd heard him many a time wash the clouds white and blue 'em in the sky; I'd heard him lift the mountains and plant the trees and grow them till they cast a shade; but I reckoned now I would get the finest earful I ever had found.

"Brother, I was wrong. Paradise was an artist, and he'd piled so many effects onto his stage that he didn't need to speak many lines.

"He just waited till the good hot coffee was passed around along with a jug of brandy—and none of the blockheads seemed surprised to find brandy of 1857 in a four quart jug!—and then Paradise stood up and swept his hand around at the day that was ending and the stars that was coming, and he says, simply:

"Gentlemen, you see it for yourselves; but I have to sell. I am land poor. Here I have ten thousand of the finest acres I ever saw; but I'll sell it for twenty dollars an acre."

TWENTY dollars an acre for a place that even the buzzards hated to fly over? A sort of a cramp got hold of my heart and froze it dead still while I waited for one of the tenderfeet to bust out laughing. And then the banker said through a mouthful of roast duck—he was still feeding when the rest were drinking—What did we pay for that new addition to the golf course out home, Henry?"

"The rich man's son said: 'We got it for less than three hundred an acre.'

"Twenty dollars?" said the banker. "I'll give you my check for the entire layout!"

"I kind of found my brain staggering like a horse on three legs and all the landscape lifted and fell in waves.

"Is that so?" said the congressman, speaking cold and small. "I think we'll all have a chance to share in this, Preston. Even if you manage to speak first!"

"I rather think we won't be shouldered out," said the rich man's son. And he looked at the gold of Dolly's hair.

"Paradise said: 'The offer is open to all of you, gentlemen. I don't want you to be in a hurry. I want you to take your time. Look over the place carefully. The Valley has been in my family for a long time. Besides, I've more than half promised to show it to a rich friend of mine in Denver—'

"Here the rich man's son said: 'The pair of them look pretty thick. Engaged, maybe?'

"He nodded toward Jimmy and Dolly Tucker, who were fading out into the night, side by side.

"No, no! Just old friends," said Paradise.

"A minute later, he got a chance to step on my toe and say: 'Go fetch in that chuckleheaded Jimmy and his golden gal. This play ain't over till the last line is

(Continued on page 38)

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TO SAVE YOU MONEY**

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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

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SHE:

"That was grand liquor you served last night. You certainly must be in the money."

HE:

"You're wrong, Betty! I've just discovered Shipping Port."



100% KENTUCKY WHISKEY SHIPPING PORT



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THE BEST
STRAIGHT
WHISKEY
AT SO LOW
A PRICE

If you prefer Rye, ask for Wolf Creek, a fine Maryland straight Rye whiskey.

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville, Ky. and Baltimore, Md.

America's largest independent distillers

(Continued from page 36)

wrote by fountain pens in check books; and Dolly and Jim are a main part of the show.' I strolled out and went hunting for the two of them and found them down by the creek in the pale of the moonshine, because a crooked old sickle of a moon was lying on its back on top of Mount Chester. They had their heads close together, talking. Matter of fact, they'd been getting more and more friendly all the time since we left Roadan.

"Listen, bozos," I said, coming up to them, "those suckers back there ain't buying Paradise Valley, only; they're laying in a supply of the old romantic West. Have you forgotten that you're the pioneer days? Go back and do your stuff!"

"Jimmy stood up and braced back his shoulders. He said in a quiet sort of a way: 'I think I should do exactly that!'"

"There was something about it that I didn't like, I can tell you. There was a 'till death do us part' sort of a sound to Dolly's voice. Anyway, I drifted a little back of the pair of them as they wandered slowly back to the camp fire. When a girl like Dolly, with her eyes wide open, gets dizzy about a fellow who lives on dice, gunpowder, and the rattle of cards, you never can tell what will happen.

"The millionaires were sitting around enjoying the gallon of old brandy and smoking long cigars; they all looked up at Dolly and welcomed her back into the landscape. She didn't smile at them. She said: 'You'd better tell them everything, Jimmy.'"

"I took three steps deeper into the night and looked around, but there was no sign of Paradise.

I STILL drifted away from the fire, but I could hear Jimmy saying in a big voice: 'Gents, you're being sold. Paradise Valley is usually a hell-hole. It rains here once every five or seven years. It's usually hotter than a frying pan. Even the coyotes hate to cross Paradise Valley for fear of burning the soles of their feet. The fellow who's trying to sell you this layout is the slickest crook in the West; Buck Chalmers is his left hand; I'm a card and gun man; and Dolly Tucker is just off the vaudeville stage.'"

"I noticed that the only man who rose out of a trance was the rich man's son. He stood up and said: 'Jimmy, thanks a lot. But we've just signed the papers and given our checks. You're five minutes too late! But no matter what you've been, you're honest now!'"

"He went right over and shook hands with Jimmy and Dolly.

"Well, it was true. Paradise was gone. He faded out of the valley. It was a long time before I saw him again. It was one of the neatest jobs I ever heard of. He cleaned up two hundred thousand on a piece of land that wasn't worth ten cents!"

"The queer thing was that the rich hom-bres didn't clear out right away. They said that they'd paid fifty thousand dollars apiece for their vacation, and they spent a few days eating our grub and fishing in the creek and shooting. They even began to say that they were getting their money's worth out of the trip—that's what big shots they were—and only the engineer snooped around among the rocks at the head of the valley where the two feeders came into the valley and never gave himself any fun at all.

"I kind of was amused by the slickness of Paradise and the way he had had those tenderfeet. It wasn't the sort of thing you could laugh at; it just slowly soaked through you and made you smile the rest of your life. But the two things that wiped out that inside smile of mine was the dead game sports those millionaires showed themselves to be and the way Dolly and Jimmy were acting up. They were dead serious and sad. You would have thought that the two hundred thousand had landed in their pockets.

But the rich men were mighty nice and easy and good natured with all of us.

"I remember the big evening.

"It was at coffee time, and the son of the millionaire had just said: 'These days are worth it. We should have known that cash can't buy heaven.'"

"The engineer spoke up. He looked like a cross between a bulldog and a long-necked buzzard. He had no more lung space than a rabbit and that big, flat, bony face of his never showed what was in his mind.

"He said: 'Maybe we've bought heaven, after all—if this is what you call heaven. The only thing the valley needs is water. It's true that it only rains here every few years, but each spring when the snow melts a flood comes down through the creek. I've studied the water marks in the ravines. Boys, all we need to do is to build two cheap dams and we'll have enough water to irrigate Paradise Valley from one end to the other. If you fellows don't want to go in on it, I'll do it all by myself. And I'll put Jimmy in charge of the plant as soon as he's married Dolly Tucker.'"

THAT was the way the idea started. A day or two later, the millionaires flew away in their airplane and took Dolly and Jimmy with them. I trekked back in the wagon along with George Wong, and he was drunk all the way.

"It was about a year later that I saw Paradise away down in Tombstone. Mind you, he had paid me my split of the loot long before, by mail.

"When I saw him, he had a lost look in his eyes like somebody whose horse has died the day before the race.

"How are things?" I asked.

"Broke as usual," he said.

"You've been spending fast, then," said I.

"I got to promoting an invention," he said, "and after I built the factory I found out that the patent was no damned good. But listen: Have you heard the news? They're having the first anniversary of Paradise Valley, in a couple of days. Why not take a trip up there with me?"

"What have they been able to do there in one year?" said I.

"They finished the dams six months ago," said Paradise. "And they've been growing things for half a year. Let's go see."

"So we went up to see.

"But we didn't travel by mules and wagon, crawling over the desert. There was a couple of ribbons of steel stretched all the way to the Valley, and trains running regular and carrying big loads. Quite a crowd had poured into the Valley before we got there, but the train that carried us in was pretty well loaded, too.

"When we come in through the mouth of the Valley it was like stepping into the thick, damp air of a greenhouse. And that's what it was—a greenhouse. I mean, out the windows we saw the sands of Paradise checked with irrigation ditches into square fields and right and left were millions of little almond and walnut trees with their trunks white-washed, as neat as any cemetery you ever seen. There were orange groves beginning to take root, and lemon trees, and miles and miles were laid over with the green of alfalfa standing high enough to cut already.

"I didn't say nothing. Paradise didn't say nothing.

"When the train stopped and we got off at the station, Paradise grabbed me by the arm and hung on.

"Chuck," he said, "we've walked into the middle of a mirage. Close your eyes and it'll all disappear."

"I closed my eyes and opened them, but the picture was just the same. In one year they'd not only built a fine little town at the end of it, with a post office and corner saloons and everything, regular and comfortable, but the streets were all paved as smooth as the top of a table.

"We wandered towards the music that was in the air.

"On one corner, Paradise stopped me and pointed, suddenly, at a big square brick building that had a fine stone trimming at the top, and all bay windows, and you could look through them at a lot of shining desks. Over the entrance brass letters said:

"*'The James Purvis Real Estate Company.'*

"Down in one of the windows there was a sign that said:

"*'Speak Now or Forever Hold Your Peace.
The last parcels of land now for sale.
Acreage as low as four hundred dollars! ! !'*

"Four hundred dollars an acre for blow-sand!

"After a while Paradise was able to walk on again, but his eyes had a queer, distant look in them, and I knew that he was multiplying ten thousand by four hundred. Yes, the four rich men had spent a lot of money making the dams and building the town and checking the country with ditches, but when they got through with their expenses, they only had to sell off a fraction of their holdings to cover all the costs. The railroad would build on invitation just for the sake of tapping so much business. And so everything went like a dream.

"Well, in the middle of the town there was a square, and in the middle of the square there was a bandstand, and right in the middle front of the bandstand was our four rich men sitting alongside of their drinks and fanning themselves, dead comfortable.

"And the whole square was full of people when the music stopped and up stood big Jimmy Purvis—and Dolly Tucker Purvis was on the stand not far away from him.

"Purvis started out: 'Ladies and gents, one year ago today, an airplane bearing four men of large minds and big bank accounts dropped out of the sky—'

I LEAVE out the rest of what Jimmy said, because only bits of it stuck in my mind. I was sort of dizzy. I leaned against Paradise, and Paradise leaned against me, while Jimmy went on to tell how the valley would be ripening cantaloupe and watermelon while the rest of the country was still in flannel underwear. He talked about the dome of the courthouse, the columns of the post office, and the long-haired palm trees on the courthouse lawn.

"Then Jimmy spotted Paradise and pointed to him; and pretty soon a dozen pairs of hands had grabbed Paradise and shoved him up onto the bandstand. Doggone me if all of those four rich men didn't come and shake hands with him, and so did Jimmy and Dolly.

"Jimmy shouted: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, we're going to hear a few words from a man who made all this possible, who gave his name to this valley, and the valley gave a name to him, a man standing here beside me who out of the bigness of his heart sold this land for twenty dollars an acre—'

"The speech got no farther. It bogged down right there because every man and woman in that big crowd all at once must of thought of the four and five hundred an acre that Paradise Valley was selling for just then; and they all began to whoop and roar and laugh and yell to Paradise that he was a philanthropist. And the whole band was laughing, and some of them did their laughing through the brass horns, and the drummers beat thunder up, and it was like a whole army cheering. And Paradise just stood up there like a man in a trance, and finally he got down off the stage and went away with me.

"We got to the nearest drink and poured
(Continued on page 40)

BORIS KARLOFF

Born in Dulwich, England. Rose from mob-scene extra in 1918 to stardom—with Universal—in 1932. Now playing in "The Bride of Frankenstein." Has smoked Union Leader since 1930.

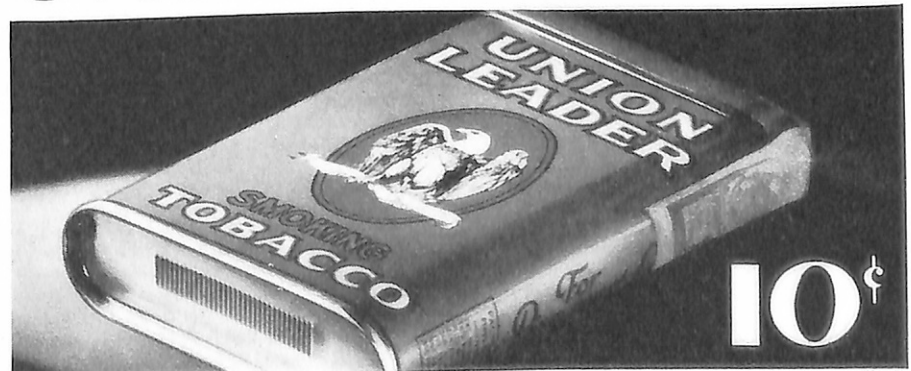
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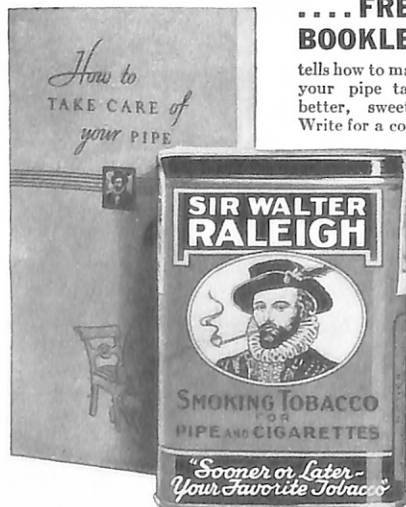
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

(Continued from page 39)

it down, though it didn't do me much good. "How did you feel, up there?" I said to him.

"He still had a far-away look in his eyes and he made a big gesture, very slowly. 'I seen the palm trees on the court-house lawn,' said Paradise, 'just the way I'd planted and growed them a good many times in my booster speeches, Buck. And there they were. All made out of dreams but just as green as though they were real. And there was the town built and the streets paved and the water running over the old dry tongue of the desert. And all at once I felt squashed between two ideas. Was I a fool or was I a prophet? Have I been blind or farsighted? I can't make out!'

"Since then he never prospered none. He seemed to lose his taste for things. He dropped ten years the way you might drop ten cents. He always looks like he's about to say something and then decides that it's not worth while. I've had him in a restaurant where he could order anything up to lobster, but he kept hesitating till all he could think of was bacon and beans. The doctor talks about his liver, but I know and he knows what's killing him. It's remembering the Paradise he sold and how it came true."

WELL," said Buck Chalmers, "shall we go out and jog those mules along the trail again, or shall we have another drink?"

"Let's have another drink," said I.

Hole Card Wild

(Continued from page 10)

"Oh, I hear things, Uncle Davy," he said. "The dirty, yellow little son!" The Ambassador exclaimed softly. "And he seemed so grateful when I invited him tonight."

Avery laughed shortly. "I don't believe a word of it. Colonel Phillips is merely mouthing some idle gossip."

The Colonel lighted a cigarette with irritating poise. "Don't believe it, smart guy. But 'phone the foreign office just to be sure—you'll sleep better."

Avery looked to the Ambassador for confirmation. Reading the answer in the old man's face he picked up the desk phone and spoke for several minutes in a low voice. When he hung up his face was pale and his lips trembled. "The Colonel is right," he said. "The foreign office just got word and were about to phone us."

"Tough luck, Avery," the Colonel laughed. "I understand these Equator embassies are not as pleasant as this one. But if you're a good man you ought to climb back in fifteen years or so."

THE Ambassador felt for Avery. He alone knew the time and study Avery had given the prospectus and realized that the job could have been the making of Avery's entire career. There would be some adroit explanations to Washington in the morning, and mentally he counted the important strings to pull. He must—he simply must—save Avery. "Charge it to experience, son," he said comfortingly, and with the benevolence of maturity. "Use the bad breaks for stepping stones."

Avery threw the heavy truism aside with impatience. He started to say something but was stopped by another knock at the door. A servant entered and announced the Prince of the great empire and Captain Ashbourne. The Captain was a pink, effervescent youth who accepted life with no concern whatsoever. Titled and wealthy, he dedicated his waking hours to his patron's and his own amusement. He came into the room chattering, and after introductions were out of the way, put the conversational ball into play.

"I saw a thrilling picture today," he said enthusiastically. "Bloody Fingers. My! How they mowed 'em down with their machine guns! Have you seen it?"

"Mugsy is a movie fan," the Prince said with an amused smile. "He would drag me to a picture every day."

"Now, H. R. H.," the Captain cut in, "down in your heart you like 'em. All the royal guards couldn't keep you from a Garbo picture."

"I never go to the movies," Avery said almost too emphatically.

The Captain showed his surprise. "What!"

he exclaimed in bewilderment. "You've never seen Constance Bennett or Wallace Beery?"

"I always enjoy Wallace Beery," the Prince said. "He touches somehow a common streak that must be inherited." The Prince chuckled. "That is if history is accurate."

The beginning was propitious enough, the Ambassador thought, and he might as well fall into the natural channels. "My affection," he remarked, "for the movies was abruptly checked with the passing of that grand old gal, Marie Dressler."

"The trouble with you, Uncle Davy, is that you are a sentimentalist," Colonel Phillips observed. "And in your present job you're laying yourself wide open. Take this Nogi business now."

"What about Nogi?" the Prince asked. "He is coming, isn't he?"

"He is here, Your Highness," said a smooth, suave voice at the door.

All eyes turned to the bland little man who, with such excruciating politeness, stood bowing. "What an unlooked for pleasure," he smiled, "and what better way is there than a game of chance to relieve the rigors of the day?"

The Colonel laughed a loud and rather flippant laugh. "You don't appear worn out, Count. Not knowing anything about it, I'd say that you had a good day."

Nogi smiled deprecatingly. "Today one meets with success, tomorrow brings humiliating reverses. That is diplomacy."

WELL, gentlemen," the Ambassador cut in, "we are all here. Shall we begin?"

All nodded. He rang and servants arranged things. The strange, ill-suited melange grouped themselves around a table. "Well, who's going to be banker?" the Ambassador inquired. "Me? Very well, but I warn you. I refuse to be a dignified banker—I'm taking off my coat."

"That is part of the game," the Prince said, rising and doing likewise. "But if I should take off my tie, which is also according to Hoyle I believe, I'd have to leave without it—I never could tie one of those things."

"You'll be lucky if you have a shirt left, H. R. H.," the Captain laughed.

"There is an exchange problem here, gentlemen," the Ambassador remarked. "Whose currency are we to honor? With two or three metallic bases to choose from, I may have to cable for guidance."

"Let's play in dollars," the Captain said, "our losses won't be so much then. But I am warning you—I want no baloney in my dollars."

"And the limit?" the Ambassador wanted to know.

"When I was in America we played a two-

bit limit," the Prince said. "I'm a poor man on an allowance."

The cards were cut and Colonel Phillips won the deal. "Dealer's choice?" the Colonel inquired? "O. K. then, seven card stud."

"Nothing wild?" Nogi asked.

"Nothing wild but the players," the Colonel replied evenly, flipping the cards around the table. When the last card was turned, Avery, the Colonel, and Nogi had folded up. The Captain was high on the board with a pair of kings showing. "There they are, lads," he said betting a chip, "bet into 'em."

"That's not enough royalty to intimidate me," the Prince stated. "I'll raise."

It was possible that the Prince had made his spade flush; but the Ambassador missed his inside straight. "Like the Arabs, I'm folding my tents and sneaking into the night," he said, thinking it too early to bluff. "Although I wager I'm throwing the winning hand away."

"We've driven out the Yankee competition," the Captain gloated. "I'll raise."

"You're proud of those kings, Mugsy," the Prince said to his equerry. "I'll try you again."

THE captain took the pot with kings full of deuces. The deal passed to Nogi who sat thinking for a moment. "Draw poker with deuces wild," he announced finally.

"That's a screwy game," Colonel Phillips said agreeably. "What do you want to play that for?"

"Play anything you want to, Nogi," Avery said. "Don't mind the remarks from the gallery."

The Ambassador won Nogi's deal with three trays. "Pot A for Uncle Davy," he rejoiced, pulling in the chips. "I drew those trays, too."

"You live right, Uncle Davy," the Captain said. "I can't do it."

Avery's deal, and he called for spit in the ocean. "Wait a minute," he said peering into the pot. "We're short on the ante."

"Well, I'm in," the Captain said with finality.

"The hell you are," Nogi said.

"The Captain is in, Nogi," the Ambassador insisted. "I saw him throw his chip in."

"Come on H. R. H.," the Captain demanded. "Throw in a chip. There isn't a soul here that saw you ante."

"The hell they didn't." The Prince made an appeal to the entire board. "Didn't you see me ante?" There was but an eloquent silence.

The Prince threw in another chip. "All I have to say is that I ought to win this pot with two antes in it."

The play went on. A new atmosphere was in the room dispelling race and position and personal animosity; only poker's ritual existed. All else had been forgotten. The Ambassador, a sure, careful player had won but one pot in the entire evening. "Judas!" he declared, throwing down his hand. "There must be a conspiracy against my winning a pot. I wouldn't bid a club on this hand."

"Cut out the beefing and deal, Uncle Davy," Captain Ashbourne said. "I can't make any money by listening to hard luck stories."

"Well, let me see," the Ambassador wondered. "I think I'll deal hole card wild. Decorate the marble everybody."

"That's not a poker game, that's a curse," Avery declared. "I never won one of those damn things in my life."

"Are there any other complaints before I deal?" the Ambassador inquired.

"Go ahead—deal, Uncle Davy," Nogi insisted. "You can't please every one."

Colonel Phillips, who had been talking across the table to the Prince, asked: "What's the game?"

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

"Yes," the Prince wanted to know, "what is this game anyhow?"

"Come to the party, everybody," the Ambassador called. "The game is hole card wild."

"Never heard of it," the Colonel put in. "Do you wear skis when you play it?"

"Let's quit and do some embroidery work," from the Captain.

"My grandmother," the Prince said, "used to tell us children that we were held accountable for every idle word we uttered. I know now that she was speaking of poker players."

"Hole card wild," the Ambassador repeated distinctly and patiently. "It's the same game as seven card stud. First two cards are down, the next four up, and the last one down. You don't know what your wild card is until you get the last card—and the low card down is wild, and all like it, naturally."

"I follow that," Nogi stated. "It is the same game as bankrupt."

"You're mistaken, Nogi," Avery argued. "Bankrupt is the same as Palm Beach, only the trays are wild. Deal 'em, Uncle Davy."

THE Ambassador dealt two cards down and one up. With the exaggerated caution of an old time poker player he peeked at his own down cards. Two deuces! Right off the bat his wild cards were assured. He had another deuce showing. That made three wild cards. On the next card he dealt himself an ace, putting him on top of the world with four aces. The Prince and Avery were betting and raising to the limit. The best either could possibly have were fours lower than the ace. The Ambassador came in for each bet and raise, but grumblingly.

"Caught in the squeeze between a couple of wild millionaires," he growled sourly. He dealt another card. Nogi had a flush on the board; maybe a straight flush. He dealt himself an eight spot. "Judas!" he exclaimed aloud. "That didn't help me any." He looked over the board. No doubt about the Prince having four queens. Nogi bet. The Prince raised, as did Avery. Nogi raised.

"Who wouldn't raise on a straight flush," the Ambassador reasoned with Nogi. "I'll raise just to be crazy."

"But have I a straight flush?" Nogi smiled. "Just like looking down a giraffe's neck," the Prince said, looking over at Nogi's cards.

The Ambassador followed when the next card was dealt. He was content to keep his strength unknown. Colonel Phillips and the Captain had folded but the rest were going strong. The Ambassador dealt the last card, and quickly he peeked at what he had dealt himself. An ace! He had five aces.

Nogi bet. Avery with four obvious tens called. The Prince raised. "I think I'll raise," the Ambassador drawled.

"Sucked in," Nogi exclaimed softly.

"Save your money for carfare," the Ambassador warned, turning his hand up. Laughingly he dragged in his rich winnings. Golly, this was more fun than he had had in a long time. With a new found energy he plunged deeper into the spirit of the game. He knew that everyone was enjoying himself; he had only to look at their faces to be assured. The Prince seemed to be having the time of his life. Gone from the lined, maturing face was the bored mask that covered his everyday emotions. Nogi was relating to Avery an incident of his student days back in his own native country, and Avery was an attentive, interested listener. What a gracious fellow Avery could be!

Colonel Phillips had taken but his allotted quota of drinks. He was a fine stag companion, no getting away from it. His coarseness was in harmony with masculine fun, and his little gems of anecdote kept the table in a constant good humor. Toward Nogi the

Ambassador felt a warmer glow; the clever, little fellow, with the adaptability of his race, had smiled himself into the spirits of the evening. The Ambassador's natural enmity and the resentment over Nogi's underhanded coup earlier in the day were almost obscured by the mellowed atmosphere.

From the dark paneled walls the light-distorted likenesses of other American envoys stared down at their present successor, and gaped with unbelieving eyes at the scene beneath them. They had enjoyed the company of many a personage, and in their ribbons and honors and full court dress had felt at ease when brilliant and magnificent men had paraded down below with handsome pomp and circumstance. Tonight they hardly believed their eyes, and a glazed wonder fixed their stolid and mostly bewhiskered countenances. Was this young man with crumpled shirt bosom, and who now was in need of a shave, the rightful heir to the vast empire? How flip were his words and how disrespectful were his companions. And the old man, and those of his household, all as disheveled as their royal guest. Was this the manner to carry on the rich traditions of American diplomacy? Why, this was mining camp and backwoods hospitality!

Only the oldest up there understood. He had been down below when men had powdered their hair and when the street outside was but an expanse of rough cobbles and mud and filth. He had known a Prince of the great empire as well. A Prince that resembled the one below a great deal, and who enjoyed cards and wine and hearty men's jests. And with him then he had as secretaries as gay a pack of dandies as the young States could muster. This did seem like the good old days!

TIME passed; it flew, leaving no mark of its swift flight. When the library clock boomed out in one of the lulls between deals the Prince exclaimed, unbelieving, "Four o'clock. It can't be! Uncle Davy, I'm not exactly sure whether to call you a perfect host or a hypnotist."

"I am neither," the Ambassador said deprecatingly. "But if I were I would have arranged for that poker adjunct, a dutch lunch. The servants are in bed and so—my guests go hungry. Wait a minute," he offered as an after-thought. "I used to be quite handy with a frying pan—if you're willing to take a chance on ptomaine poisoning I'll cook up something myself. How about it?"

"Great," the Prince said. "I could eat a horse. You're elected the cook, Uncle Davy."

Cashing in, they adjourned to the spacious confines of the silent kitchen, and before the open door of the great cooler the Ambassador halted. "This branch of the government is unknown to me. I hope to find what it takes for scrambled eggs and sausages." He disappeared from sight into the cooler and came out presently, his arms laden. "Eggs, sausages, butter, milk, and boiled potatoes—we'll have fried potatoes, too."

"Swell," the Prince said. "Isn't there some job I can do? I haven't forgotten my boy scout training."

"Sure, put on an apron and make the toast. Nogi, can you make coffee?"

"An epicure might not condone my method of making coffee," Nogi apologized. "I've always insisted on boiled coffee with an egg in it."

Avery, who was setting the kitchen table, said, "I was brought up that way, too. I demand an egg in my coffee. By the way, what do we use instead of napkins?"

"Napkins are but a modern nicety," Nogi smiled.

The Prince flipped over several slices of toasting bread. "We can use the backs of our hands," he said over his shoulder. "My great, great grandfather used nothing else

and see how greatly revered he is today."

The meal was soon ready. Down to the service table they sat, allowing homely masculine etiquette to prevail; arms reached across the table for helpings regardless of the proximity of neighboring noses. They could have been a group of congenial men on a hunting trip throwing aside the social graces as a sort of a masculine defiance to their ordinary, civilized lives.

Content, they sat over refilled coffee cups, flicking their cigarette ashes into the eggy debris on their plates, and holding converse with sport, the world, and this and that—just pleasant man to man talk about topics that men enjoyed. The Prince, who had been a quiet listener for a time, yawned.

It is late," he said, "and my day begins early." He rose, his features set again in their sober, impassive lines; once again he was the Prince of the great empire. The Ambassador winced as he saw the change. But that was life . . . laughter and joy one minute and in the blinking of an eye the gay scene is gone, and what remains is so very, very hard to endure. An old man's sigh escaped him.

The others sensed the change. They rose with the Prince and followed him out to the hall. Sleepily, the Prince put his arms into the topcoat that Ashbourne held up for him, and he turned the collar high around his throat and broke the heavy silence.

"Good night, gentlemen," the Prince of the great empire said, and yawned. "It has been a very pleasant evening—all such impromptu affairs are pleasant. I hope that one day soon we can do this again."

The others murmured polite hopes, but the Ambassador knew that it would never be again. Life, like a shrewd humorist, rarely repeats itself.

"We are at your service, Your Highness," he said gravely, and with his own hand he opened the heavy, outer door. Outside the fog that was a threat in the early evening was thickening, and through the heavy folds he watched the Prince and the Captain disappear past the light that the open door threw into the gloom.

"Toodle Doo," the Captain called from the thickness.

"Good night," the Ambassador called. "Good night, Your Highness." Very slowly he turned back into the hall, and confronted Avery face to face with Nogi; but neither was angry. In fact, there was a suggestion of a smile on Avery's face.

"Well," the Ambassador forced himself to explain. "What is this—another funny story? If you don't think it will shock me, let me in on it." He smiled.

"No," Avery said. "It is not a funny story. I was just attempting to persuade Count Nogi to dump this Scandinavian business in the League's lap—and for both of us to abide by their decision."

The Ambassador pursed his lips in thought. "Why do that, Arthur? After all there are but the two of us. Why not go back to our original 50-50 plan?"

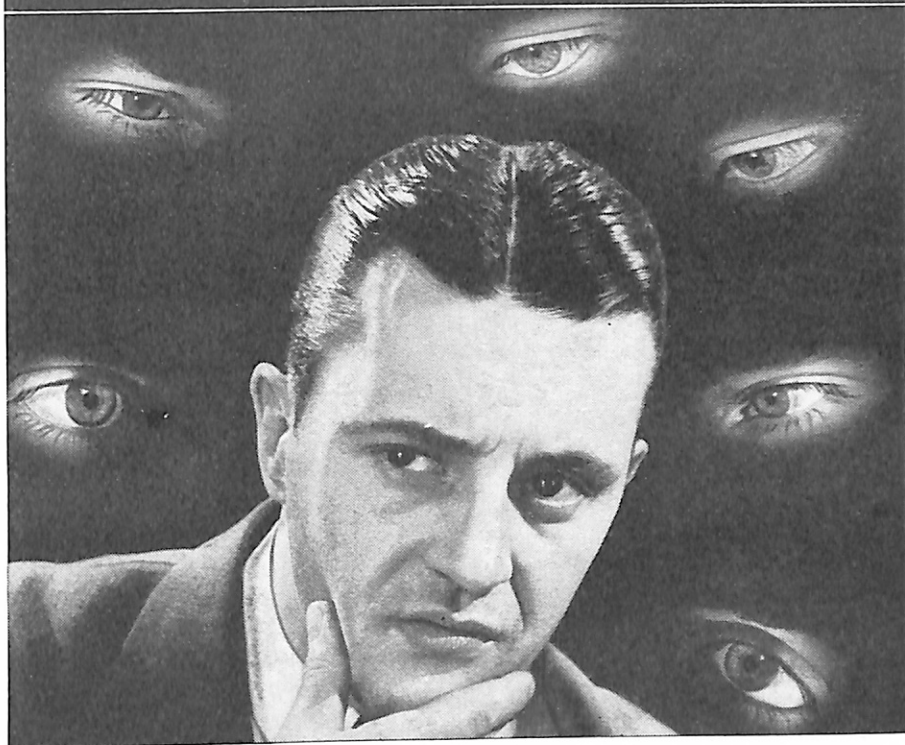
"I was going to suggest that," Nogi said quietly. "My report has not yet gone in, and speaking officially we would consider it a pleasure to be a partner in the venture."

The Ambassador held out his hand; Nogi took it. "That's a gentleman's agreement," Nogi smiled, "and a poker player's. Good night, Arthur," he bowed low to Avery. "Thank you for a pleasant evening. I have learned something tonight—something that could well be applied to our everyday affairs. Good night, Your Excellency."

When the Ambassador had closed the door on Nogi his steps back to the hall were slower than before. The pain that followed his every meal was tearing at his vitals.

(Continued on page 44)

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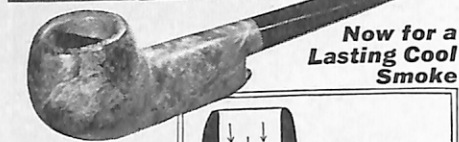
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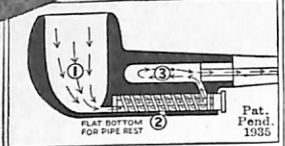
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WM. H. FINK, Dept. E, 210 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

(Continued from page 43)

But he smiled at Avery, nevertheless.

"Where's the Colonel, Arthur?"

Avery smiled, too. "Where one would expect," he said, "by the whiskey bottle in the library."

"So everything turned out well," the Ambassador said. "Everything does, Arthur. You will see that as you get older. Now, this Nogi agreement—I'm phoning Washington today and what I don't tell those fellows about you won't be worth telling."

Avery made a strange gesture for an Avery, and he had to stoop to do it. He put his arm around the old man's shoulders. "You are a good man, Uncle Davy," he said huskily, "and I can't tell you how sorry I am now that we weren't closer in the past. Perhaps in the future—"

"Let's not talk about the past, Arthur."

The Ambassador forced a smile. "Let's look ahead. Here's a nightcap to the future!" He winced as a sharper pain than any before gripped him—but his heart was lighter.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Hampton, Va., Elks Observe Lodge's 38th Birthday

The members of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, recently commemorated the Lodge's 38th Birthday with a program held in the gymnasium of the Lodge Home, which was filled with local members and Elks from Newport News, Suffolk, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Richmond and other cities.

P. E. R. Roland D. Cock, P. D. D. for Va. East, officiated as Master of Ceremonies. Songs and tap and acrobatic dancing numbers were presented, and speeches were made by old timers. Among these were Charter Members Thomas L. Sclater, Howard W. Saunders and Judge C. Vernon Spratley, P. E. R.'s, and H. M. Mugler. Mr. Sclater is a Past Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., and Secy. of the Lodge, in which capacity he has served for 34 years. Judge Spratley joined Hampton Lodge 32 years ago.

Kokomo, Ind., Lodge Holds Initiations

Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, No. 190, initiated a class of 18 candidates recently, composed of business, professional and industrial men of the City. The class, which included the City Clerk and the County Auditor, was headed by Mayor Olin Holt. The Degree Team of Columbia City, Ind., Lodge, No. 1417, which has initiated more than 500 candidates into the Order since its organization several years ago, conducted the work.

Shortly afterward another class of candidates was received into Kokomo Lodge, the Degree being conferred by Est. Lect. Knight J. E. Whitley. Mr. Whitley is known as Kokomo Lodge's One-Man Degree Team. He can perform the work of every station, and do it in an exemplary fashion.

E. D. Hodges, E. R.

A. E. McGlone, Secy.

P. D. D. Dr. John W. Le Seur, of Batavia Lodge, Dies

The death of Dr. John W. Le Seur, a prominent member of Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, cast a pall over the membership which admired and respected him deeply. Dr. Le Seur died recently on a train bringing him home from Savannah, Ga., where he had been in a hospital nearly four weeks with injuries suffered in an automobile accident. He was a deeply loved P. E. R. of Batavia Lodge. He served in all the chair offices before assuming leadership. He also served as D. D. for New York, West, in 1930-31.

Dr. Le Seur was actively connected with many civic and fraternal organizations, and was a speaker of outstanding ability. He was a special representative for Patrick Crowley, Pres. of the N. Y. Cent. Railroad, for many years, and was physician and surgeon for the Railroad for nearly 30 years. He was once a member of the Board of Managers of the N. Y. State School for the Blind, and had been the school physician for 30 years. He also held office as a mem-

ber of the Board of Managers of the Albion State Training School for Girls; Board of U. S. Pension Examiners, and of the Batavia Board of Trade. As Pres. of the New York and New England Assn. of Railroad Physicians, he was the author of many articles on railway sanitation.

Among the prominent Elks attending the funeral was Grand Chaplain Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, States Trustee J. Theodore Moses and P. D. D. George A. Swabach. The Elks conducted the services at the grave.

Vincent R. Callahan, Correspondent

Newark, O., Elks Initiate Class

Nine candidates were initiated into Newark O., Lodge, No. 391, at a meeting in the Lodge Home recently. At the same meeting it was voted to send a representative of Boy Scout Troop No. 5 to the National Scout Jamboree in Washington, D. C., in August. Expenses of the representative will be paid by the Lodge, since the Troop is sponsored by No. 391. He will be selected by the Lodge Scout Committee. It was also decided that new uniforms for the Elks Band would be purchased.

State Pres. Scott E. Drum Visits Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge

State Pres. Scott E. Drum recently addressed the members of Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge, No. 731, adjuring them to stand shoulder to shoulder against the growing wave of Communism which is sweeping the United States. Mr. Drum pointed out the responsibilities devolving upon the Order of Elks and other pro-American fraternities to counteract such menaces. He also described at length the Elks National Foundation Fund and its purposes.

Previous to the meeting a supper was served to more than 200 Elks. During the regular Lodge session, presided over by E. R. R. N. Boerner, a class of 25 candidates was initiated. Following the meeting a social hour was enjoyed in the Club Rooms, with music furnished by a string band.

W. J. Davis, Correspondent

P. E. R.'s Night Observed by Woburn, Mass., Lodge

The Home of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, was taxed to capacity during the observance of P. E. R.'s Night, with P. E. R. Redmond E. Walsh presiding. The principal speakers of the evening were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; P. D. D.'s James E. Donnelly, Raymond E. Henchey and Fred H. Scholl; E. R. Arthur J. Harty and P. E. R. John McNally of Winchester Lodge; and the Hon. Philip J. Gallagher, the Hon. William H. Henchey, the Hon. Harold P. Johnson and the Hon. Alfred W. Peterson. A program of music provided entertainment during the evening.

Sidney J. Paine, Correspondent

Marinette, Wis., Lodge Adds 30 New Members

Marinette, Wis., Lodge, No. 1313, held one of the largest initiatory meetings in its history recently when 30 candidates were initiated and 10 former members reinstated, as the culmination of an intensive membership campaign. Among the 200 Elks who were present was D.D. A. H. Gruenewald who delivered a splendid address, outlining and emphasizing the program of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The new members are prominent men of the locality and it is deemed by the officers that this was as worthwhile a campaign as the Lodge has ever conducted.

Walter Setright, Correspondent

News of Sturgis Mich., Lodge

The biggest meeting of the year was held recently by Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, when 12 new members were taken in, five dimits were favorably acted upon and one member reinstated. More than 100 Elks were present to participate in the festivities and to enjoy a steak dinner.

A Lodge of Sorrow was held by the Lodge in March in memory of six Elks who died during the past year. The ceremony brought out a large attendance. The Lodge also provided funds which made it possible for the wife of one of the Sturgis members to remain at his side while he is confined in a Veterans' Hospital in Chicago with a serious illness.

Injun Rubber Man

(Continued from page 13)

mixed with rubber, gave the combination which would solve his problem.

At last, thought this sadly disillusioned man, I have succeeded. Another friend was found who agreed to finance the establishment of a factory on Staten Island. Things seemed to be going well with him. The *aqua fortis* process appeared to be a success.

Then came the panic of 1836 which, in those days, was comparable to the one of our present generation, and Goodyear was again wiped out. But it was just as well because the *aqua fortis* process was not the ultimate answer. The surface of the rubber was cured by this means but the under sections were as raw as ever.

FOLLOWING this blow, Goodyear became little better than a beggar. He worked at odd jobs here and there in order to support his family, but never stopped his researches. Further experiments at the Staten Island factory, which by now had become a home for his family as well, came to naught. New York and Philadelphia holding forth no encouragement, he set out alone for Boston. He finally located in Woburn, Massachusetts, using an abandoned factory not many miles from the place where the rubber shoes had been buried that cold winter night so long ago. He tried combining crude rubber with everything he could imagine. Again and again he thought he had conquered. He secured a government order for 150 mail bags to be covered and cured by the *aqua fortis* process. The order was completed. They hung on the walls of the little factory building for everyone to see and admire. His dismay and his complete disillusionment can be imagined when the bags began to fall apart, the rubber to drop away and disintegrate.

Penniless and completely destitute, nearly
(Continued on page 46)



Snapshot of Axel W. Christensen, Chicago

"WAS MY FACE RED"

Gentlemen:

"And be sure to check the oil," I'd say to the Quaker State man when I'd pull in after another of those 300-mile jumps, "the boys in our last town wouldn't let us leave on time and I sure put her over the road today. Put in a couple of quarts to make sure."

The man would go through the usual motions and then he'd say—almost indignantly—"Why your oil is right up to the top, you don't need any."

And then "was my face red" again. Seems like I just wouldn't be convinced, so the thing happened again and again. The only time I bought oil was when a Quaker State man drained my crankcase.

As a result of my 10,000-mile happy, pounding, thrilling drive across the country last year, this Elks-Goodwill-Ambassador has this to say about Quaker State oil:

It gave me at all times a sweet, smooth-running motor and an easy mind.

I sure hope we have Quaker State again this year.*

Cordially yours,

Axel W. Christensen

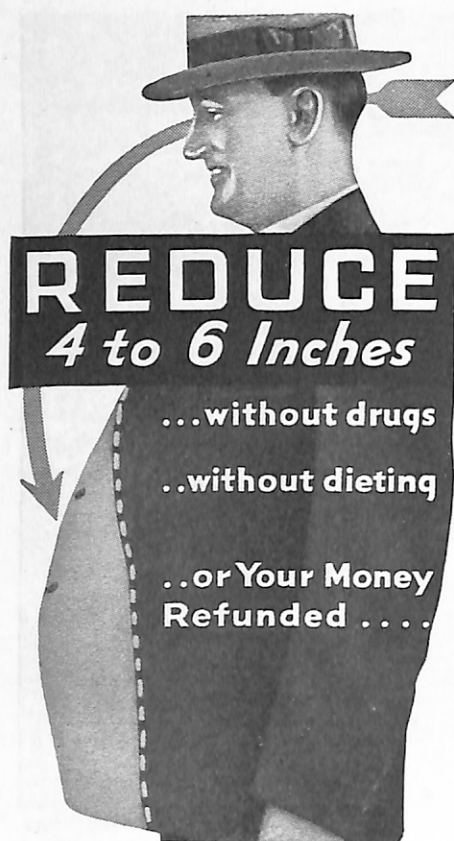
*Editor's note: You will have Quaker State again!

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DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

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This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

Break Constipation Habit

"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life." D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.

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SENT ON TRIAL

Reduce Like This Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

(Continued from page 45)

naked in fact, he did not know which way to turn. At a public sale auctioneers disposed of the few pitiful possessions he could still call his own. Friends, members of his family, public officials—all descended upon him, demanding that he admit failure and decide that rubber could not be conquered. It was impossible to secure further funds. No one would help unless he promised to give up his fool goal. No one would pour more money into this bottomless pit.

BROKEN in health, but with his enthusiasm unabated, he defied friends, family and creditors. He was determined to succeed. People were convinced he was crazy. Boys shouted at him in the streets. They called him "Injun Rubber Man." One day he dropped into the village store of Woburn. Standing near the pot-bellied stove, he was engaged as usual in discussing his favorite subject, answering seriously the jeering questions of the village loafers. A ball of uncured rubber mixed with sulphur was in his hand. Accidentally he dropped it on the red-hot surface of the old iron stove.

Frantically he looked for something with which to scrape it off, then paused in amazement. Instead of melting like molasses it curled like leather. It smoked but did not dissolve. Heat had been the Nemesis of Goodyear for years but now it was his salvation. With a zeal that became almost a frenzy Goodyear followed through on his new discovery. His hour of triumph was almost at hand. He knew that at last he had hit upon the great idea.

For two more years he haunted the local factories, seeking permission to use the furnaces after the plants had closed for the night. Wearily he would stumble from these buildings after a night of ceaseless experimenting, as the morning shift came to work. He foraged for wood to stoke the stove in his own kitchen. All this time he and his family were existing on the charity of the community and depending on friends for clothing.

In some unexplained way he secured a small sum of money, sufficient at least to buy the materials for a small oven. Together with his father, his small son and a brother, he built the first oven designed for the purpose of vulcanizing rubber. But even though his process was now nearly perfected, no one was interested. To the further handicap of the intrepid inventor he was again thrown into prison for debt.

WITH \$50 received from a relative he went to New York. And from this time on he saw the fruition of his dreams. He interested two brothers, Emery and William Rider, who agreed to finance his further operations and care for his family. These two brothers joined forces with William De Forrest

The years of suffering, the hours of anguish, the disappointments and the humiliation seemed not to have been in vain. He sold his manufacturing rights to a syndicate of rubber shoe men, asking only a royalty of one-half cent per pair—one-tenth of what he should have received.

Rubber again became popular. Business grew by leaps and bounds. But patent infringements were countless. Ill-health pursued him and what little money he received went to pay old debts and to finance further experiments. Daily he was pressed for money. This in spite of the fact that he was being hailed here and abroad as the greatest inventor of his age. He went to Europe to further the development of rubber. Kings and scientific societies hailed him. He was awarded the Legion of Honor but again hard luck followed him because on the day he was to receive this recognition from the hands of the French Emperor, Goodyear was jailed for debt. After six years in Europe he returned to America, worn and broken in health and, at the age of 59, he died at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York.

Though he founded a new industry that was then making millions for others, he died as he had lived—penniless. He left to his faithful wife and children only the honor of his distinguished name, a heritage that revolutionized the world, and debts that took more money than his estate ever produced.

IT is impossible to estimate the importance of rubber in the progress of the modern world. It is a part of the machinery of almost every great industry. The German war machine broke down before its collapse was expected largely because of the lack of rubber. The Allies had so hemmed in the Central Powers by their blockade that Germany could obtain no rubber, nor at that time had she been able to develop an acceptable substitute for it. The Germans were unable to replace the worn out rubber tires on their trucks and ambulances. It was impossible to make gas masks, which were so essential at that period in the war, and their hospitals were depleted of the equipment so necessary to the surgeons of the present day.

In every walk of life this product has become an essential to the happiness and comfort of our people. Perhaps some other scientist during the Nineteenth Century might have discovered the right method of conquering rubber, but it remained for this dreamer who was not a scientist to accomplish it through a travail of 27 years. For Goodyear was a dreamer—"a member of the chosen few. He never wore Doubt's bandage on his eyes, but held to courage and to hope because he knew that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal—"

*Walls crumble and Empires fall,
Only things the dreamers make live on."*

Treasure Hunting High and Low

(Continued from page 23)

"I might even give you a gun for one as big as this," I said, showing him a beautiful ten-carat gem. He whispered a moment to his companions and then asked: "How much you pay for one as big as your head?" So we cut our way through rain-soaked jungles for 21 days—only to find that the diamonds-as-big-as-my-head were not gems at all, but tremendous quartz crystals.

Once you've shown an Indian gold, everything that shines is gold, even though it is a mountain of mica schist lit up by the mellow light of the setting sun. And in their eagerness to take part in a white man's cavalcade they have led me on many a fool's errand.

When it comes to tracing minerals and gems a white man is on his own except in the Andes, where sometimes an Indian can be found who will show the way to an ancient limestone cave from which his forefathers picked out fabulous emeralds—gems over the possession of which the Conquistadors spilled so much blood.

Even when mineral and gem deposits are located the native Indian is of little use. Digging in the ground is taboo. That is where the devil lives, and if anyone annoys him he'll kill all the casava and pumpkin fields. That is why in my expeditions there are always full quotas of giant blacks from the

coastal plantations. They may at times be afraid of Voodoo gods, but not of Indian devils. And they are only too eager to dig all day long and pan tons of gravel to get the bonus which comes with the discovery of each golden nugget and sparkling gem.

The search for the source of the diamonds that are scattered over so much of the northern corner of the Continent—the volcanic pipe from which the river gems have been eroded—is one primarily of eliminating negative zones. Every river system is a separate index, a plus or minus thread in the tangled pattern of jungle, mountain and valley vastness. There is no such thing as haste if one wants to assay accurately.

During the prospecting and pioneering stage there is no Pullman car geologizing, although once I gloriously cheated the earth of much of its treasure by flying through the sky, spying out oil. Sounds fantastic, I know. A lot of my friends thought I was sunstruck. No one had ever found oil by flying through the air. But I had observed during months of strenuous searching out oil formations across the Venezuelan delta, that every time I found oil seepages the jungle around them was dead. Often 10 or 15 acres were stark naked, with only whitened tree trunks rearing up out of the black earth.

"Why can't I save all this discomfort, get a plane and a mapping camera, and fly over the whole country?" I thought. "After I've located all the spots where the jungle looks dead I can send ground crews directly to them by compass." Not all oil seepages are commercial petroleum reservoirs, but within a year we had found comfortably a lot that were. But as yet I have discovered no way of spotting minerals or gems from the sky, and until I do I'm just a crawler, lugging as much as a year's supplies along with me.

EXCEPT for short wave radio on these treasure hunts, we are cut off from the world entirely. All my food is packed in carefully menued cases—each case giving me a balanced diet, exclusive of native produce, for a week. If a case or so is damaged or lost in the rapids it merely means eating less rather than doing without some important item. After a while one can get used to knowing in May exactly what he's going to have for Christmas dinner. Among the blacks there are men skilled with various hunting implements and tools. Most important—we can make our own boats. As a matter of fact we can between us all provide everything that is required to sustain life completely.

Sometimes on coming out at the end of 14 months, as we did last season, there are many surprises. We who are supposed to live "dangerously" learn that a friend, strolling down a quiet street, has been hit on the head by a falling flower pot and is now crack-brained. New wars, new maps and new political conflicts greet us. I would much rather explore new worlds than be part of the unceasing squabble over old bones of contention.

The world is still unexplored. Make no mistake about that. One has only to appreciate geographic knowledge to peg out for himself vast areas into which no mineralogist's microscope has ever peered. Reading the glowing accounts of the many scientific expeditions here, there and everywhere, we are apt to forget that the earliest explorers were men who went out across strange seas not as scientists but simply as adventurous business men, looking for new products for an ever expanding civilization.

The man, today, who would like to live out under the skies has only to choose his own bailiwick and concentrate on discovering things which other people need. Even the gum-chewers pay dividends to modern explorers. No chemist has discovered as yet how to make a chickie tree!

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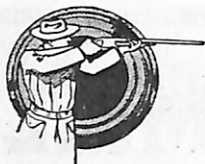
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Both to be held at the coming Grand
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among them the John J.
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Send your entry
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SEND NO MONEY WITH ENTRY

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Here is my entry for
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Name (please print).....

Lodge No. Address.....

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Joe Downing, member
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Joe Gallagher is rated
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Joe Downing's New
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Orchestra



Joe Gallagher

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Francis P. Boland,
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ternal activities. A
P.E.R. of Jersey City
Lodge and a P.D.D.
President, in 1932, of
New Jersey State Elks
Association and a
former member of
Grand Lodge Ritual-
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Happy Stanley, mem-
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George L. Stalzer,
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tor at leading hotels
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"Four Aces." Entertainer at Century of
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Axel Christensen

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P.E.R. Bayonne, N. J.,
Lodge. P.D.D. and
associate member,
Grand Lodge Activi-
ties Committee. Hon-
orary life member of
Bayonne Lodge and
noted for his many ac-
tivities in behalf of
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earnest worker in the
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Richard F. Flood, Jr.

THE Good Will Ambassadors start
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25th. If your Lodge is on one of the
routes be sure to go when they are wel-
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rience you will never forget. The
Tour's physical equipment this year

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with Fisher Bodies; Quaker State
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1 and 2) and Goodrich Tires (for
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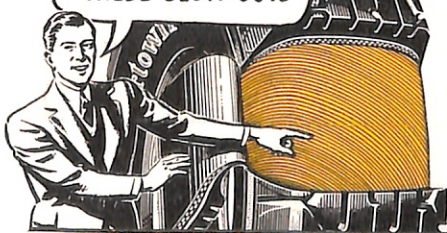


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"I'LL ADMIT that wrestling with charging steers and riding wild bronchos is plenty dangerous. But I've been in tougher spots," says HUB WHITEMAN. "The very thought of that blow-out I had when I was on the way to Fort Worth gives me the jitters. No broncho ever lurched as wildly or got so completely out of control as that car of mine. Right plumb for a ditch it headed. Believe me, I had some luck to pull out of that accident alive. Now I'm using Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns."

* * *

If you could look inside your tire, you'd know how treacherously a blow-out works. As the wheel spins around at 40 or 50 miles an hour the *inside* of the tire becomes as hot as boiling water. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. You can't see it . . . the tire looks perfect. A blister forms and grows—bigger and bigger—until "BANG"! A blow-out! Yes, today's high speeds were too much for tires—

until Goodrich engineers perfected the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists *heat*. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs never gets a start.

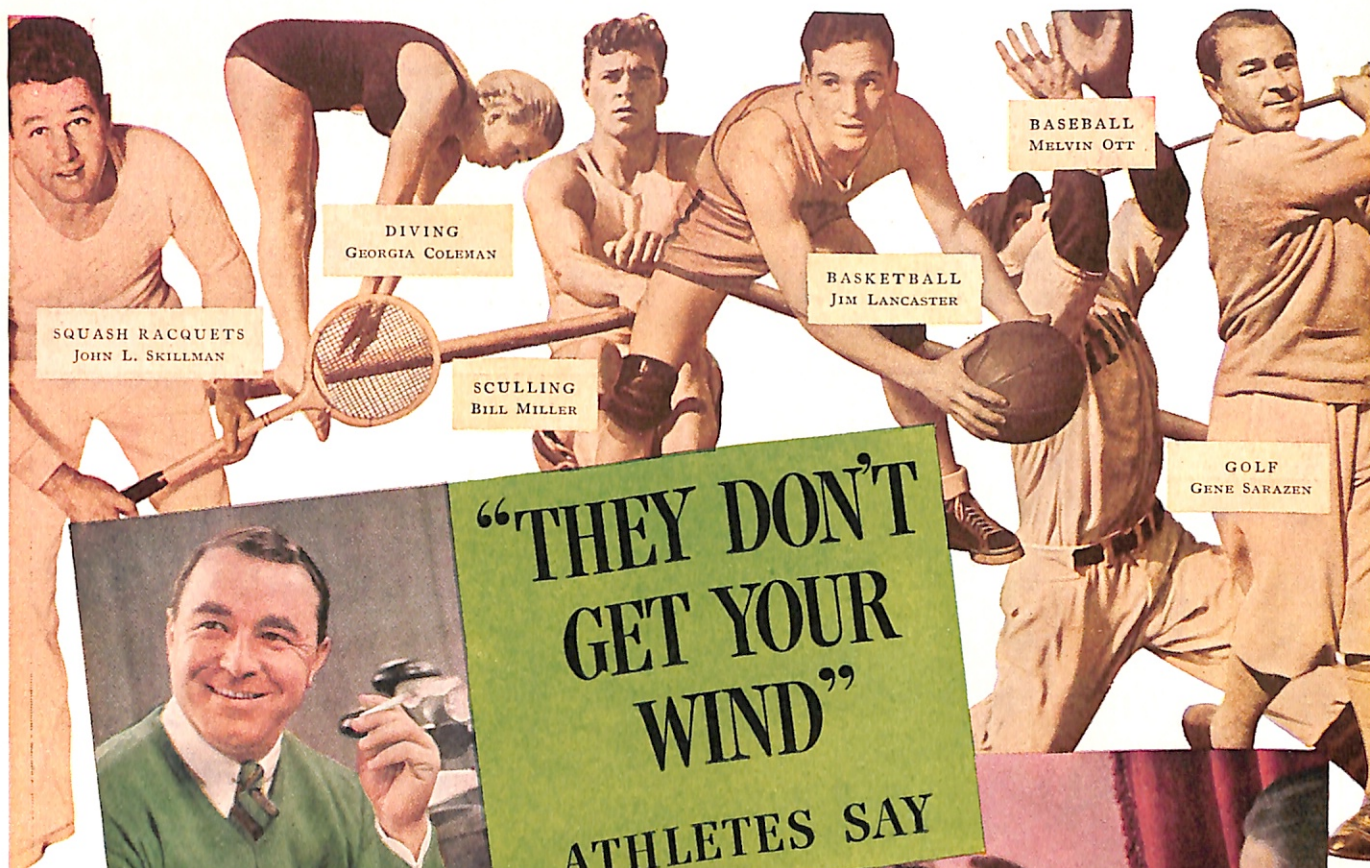
Extra safety and mileage!

Go to your Goodrich dealer. Press your hand on the deep-grooved Silvertown tread. Feel those big, husky cleats hold your hand like a vise. That's the way they grip wet, slippery roads . . . how they keep your car "straight in line."

Do this, too: Check your mileage when you put Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car. Watch how they last *months longer* than ordinary tires. Yet in spite of all this *extra* mileage, in spite of the fact that they are the *only* tires in the world that give you Golden Ply blow-out protection, Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.

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The **NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown** WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY



GENE SARAZEN, championship golfer, who has smoked Camels for years

The mild cigarette the athletes smoke is the mild cigarette for YOU!

A cigarette so mild you can smoke all you want—that's what athletes say about Camels. And when a champion talks about "condition"—"wind"—healthy nerves—real tobacco *mildness*—he knows what he's talking about.

Listen to Gene Sarazen. "Traveling and playing as much as I do—I have to keep in condition. I smoke Camels steadily. They're so mild they never get my 'wind' or nerves."

Other athletes back him up. "I smoke all I want and yet keep in top condition; I smoke Camels and only Camels," says Mel Ott, home-run hitter of the New York

Giants. Georgia Coleman, Olympic champion diver, says: "Camels don't cut down on my 'wind.'" Bill Miller, outstanding oarsman; Jim Lancaster, N. Y. U.'s 1934 basketball captain; John Skillman, squash champion—hundreds of sports stars smoke Camels regularly and report that Camels never get their "wind."

What this mildness means to you!

It means you can smoke Camels all you want. Athletes have made this discovery: Camel's costlier tobaccos are so mild, they can smoke them as often as they please, without disturbing their "wind" or nerves.



CONDITION IS IMPORTANT TO YOU—on vacation, in the office, at home. You can keep "in condition," yet smoke all you please. Athletes say: "Camels never get your wind."

**SO MILD
YOU CAN SMOKE
ALL YOU WANT!**



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Camels **COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N.C.